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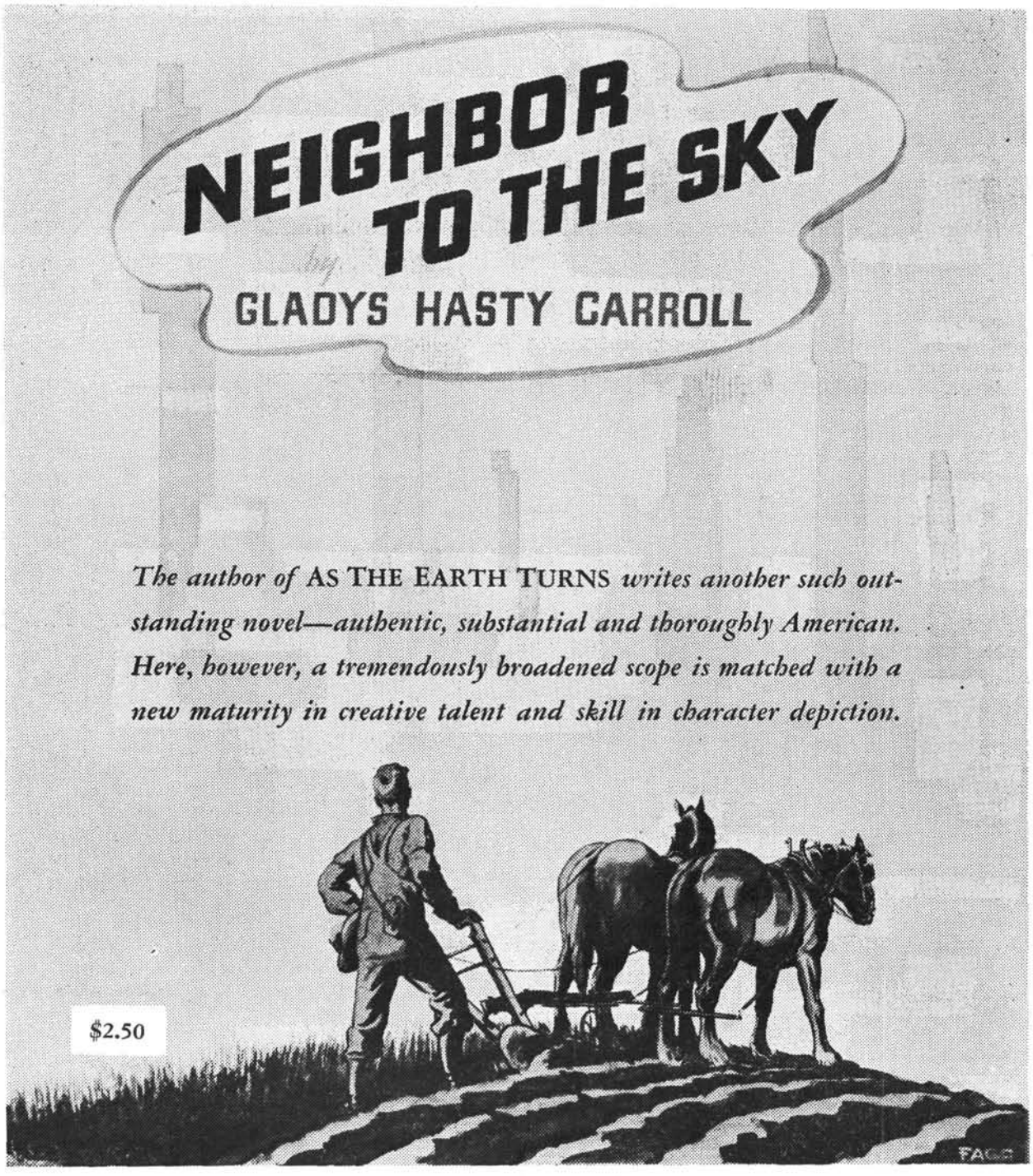
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The Futility of Revolution

BY GEORGE CASPAR HOMANS

THE two large volumes of Albert Weisbord's "The Conquest of Power"* are nothing less than a history from the communist point of view of all the revolutionary movements of the last century and a half, with most space being given to those two adversaries who are being built up as Satan versus God: what is called fascism, and communism itself. Weisbord's account of the caucus politics of the different left-wing parties—the rivalries of the leaders and the debates upon programs—is full and useful. But his interpretation in a book so ambitious of the process of history in general gives me an opening for considering how far the statements of the Marxist theorists and literary men are adequate for an understanding of what has happened in the world. In attempting this, I cannot share the faith of those who try to forestall Hitlerism by proving that Hitler's theories of race are nonsense. Showing that Marxist theory does not always jibe with reality will seldom win men from it.

SOVIET CHILDREN IN CARE OF THE STATE
From "The Land without Unemployment." The government is now encouraging the family system.

A good plan may be to talk about the adequacy of Marxist theory against the history of Russia itself, because the founding of the first Union of Socialist Soviet Republics was supposed to bring in a regime in which sooner or later many of the rules that held true of high civilizations in the past would no longer hold. If some of the factors determining human behavior, left out of account in Marxist theory, are vigorously reasserting themselves in the Marxist state, we shall have the stronger reason to believe that they are important.

The facts about what has happened in Russia are hard to come by, but it has lately become plain that the communists and radicals outside Russia are in two minds about what has happened. On the one part there are those who claim that many of the virtues which they admire, which were to be achieved by a socialist state, have already been achieved in the new Russia. This group is a mixed one. There are those who are dependent on Stalin through the Communist International as well as those who believe a thing is true because they wish it to be true. Among the latter Sidney and Beatrice Webb are perhaps to be numbered and certainly Stephen Spender, a confessed follower of the Webbs. Spender even says in his new book, "Forward from Liberalism," this about the new Soviet Constitution: "Already it fulfills the most ambitious promises and hopes of liberalism." This is before there has been any chance to see how the new Constitution works in practice: if you say you have fulfilled Spender's hopes you have by that act fulfilled them. A skeptic may enjoy this grim consolation: even if the humanitarians, in alliance with the bomb-throwers, succeed in liquidating him at last, yet before he goes some of their remarks will have given him a lot of fun.

On the other part there are the communists who claim that by developing new class distinctions, especially that between the bureaucracy and the masses, by reintroducing ranks into the army, by putting into effect piece-work systems of payment for workers in industry, by abandoning the attack on ancient family mores, by using the Communist International as a support of merely Russian diplomacy instead of as an organ of the world revolution, and so on and so forth, Stalin and his colleagues have "betrayed" the Revolution, and all for the purpose of consolidating their own position as a privileged bureaucracy. The most famous of this group of critical communists is Trotsky, whose book "The Revolution Betrayed" has recently been published here in translation. Weisbord, though he does not think well of Trotsky's own leadership of the opposition, concurs in his judgment of Stalin's regime. These are the professional revolutionists, desperate gamblers who believe that their next throw is sure to win. "Let us have just one more revolution," they are saying, "and the promised society is ours." They never entertain the hypothesis that it is the nature of revolutions to be betrayed.

People who are not concerned, as both the Webbs and Trotsky are concerned, with shattering this sorry scheme of things to bits and remoulding it nearer to their hearts' desire but simply with understanding how this sorry scheme works from day to day, will make a third guess about what has happened in Russia and why. Frederick S. Oliver in the first volume of "The Endless Adventure," writing at some time during 1930, spoke with appreciation of the achievement of Lenin in overthrowing the old Czarist regime and putting himself at the head of a new and strong government, but expressed his judgment that Lenin and his fellow conspirators had not shown themselves fitted to reorganize Russian economic life. He then made a prediction:

> If since Lenin's death, there has been a dearth of politicians in Russia—if

Next Week

THE RULING PASSION
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

SPAIN (A LONG POEM)
By W. H. AUDEN

* *"THE CONQUEST OF POWER." By Albert Weisbord. New York: Covici-Friede. 1937. $7.50.*

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> idealists and theorists, with no better assistants than propagandists and clerks, have had it all their own way—failure and yet another period of anarchy would seem to be inevitable. If on the other hand, the politicians have, in recent years, been busily engaged on salvage work, we may hope for better things. Sooner or later the clash of their ambitions is likely to produce a system of settled government suited to the character and traditions of the Russian people and capable of satisfying its most urgent needs.

It now appears that the politicians have been busy. According to Trotsky's story, Stalin, in a position of control of the Communist party machine, the Farley of the communists, joined battle with the Left Opposition, led by Trotsky himself, which had put forward a program featuring the rapid industrialization of Russia. By January 1928 the representatives of the Left Opposition were in Siberia or in prison: the penalties of unsuccessful opposition were drastic under the Czar; they have not been lightened by the tradition of revolution. One result of Stalin's victory was that he was able to get rid of many of the revolutionists of the first generation. A standard complaint of the Trotskyites is that the new bureaucracy includes almost no old Bolsheviks. According to the logic of sentiment the heroes of the barricades ought to enjoy the fruits of their daring—office; but as a practical matter the talents of professional revolutionists are not of a sort which are useful to a settled government. But these brutalities are not what was most absorbing in the action. Having defeated the Trotskyites, Stalin at once adopted their program as his platform in his successful campaign to eliminate his only surviving opposition, the opposition of the Right. The story may not be true as told by Trotsky, but it is what we might have expected. The maneuver is hallowed by every tradition of politics.

The clash of the ambitions of the politicians—clearly Stalin was moved by his instinct for power rather than by his persuasion that any particular program was the best—is now seen to have been producing some good for Russia, as Oliver predicted. The country was at once backward in development and richly endowed in material resources. Once he was entrenched in office, Stalin went on to try to satisfy the needs and take advantage of the opportunities offered by these conditions: he organized at once the great and rapid increase of industrial production. The first five-year plan was laid down. No matter if this program was not originally his; his was the decision to enter upon it and his the energy to carry it out. There is no doubt that his success has been great. The one thing about the Russia of Stalin to which everyone, capitalists, starry-eyed liberals, and Left Opposition, agree is that great advances have been made in her industrial production.

But a great increase of industrial production cannot be effected unless the other conditions of organized society are favorable, and Stalin's job was to see that they were favorable in Russia, even if that meant abandoning some of the reforms demanded by communist theory. I think it was Cavour who said that a statesman must have a lively sense of what is possible. One of the things that is not possible is to operate a successful productive and distributive system in a social chaos. "The breakdown of the people's community involved that of the economic system, because the economic system is not something abstract, but a living fact, one of the functions of the popular organism; its business and all its workings are determined by human beings." By "the people's community" is meant, I believe, all the traditional groupings and standards of behavior according to which people coöperate in carrying on the business of society. The words are a platitude, a platitude being defined as an unpleasant truth. They are the words of Adolf Hitler in his speech To the Workers. The liberals tell me that Hitler is the devil, and I must believe them, but the devil in the past has been known to talk good sense.

A principal element of the people's community in any of the countries of Europe is the group known as the family and the patterns of behavior that cluster about it. The sort of thing the new ruling class in Russia has had to do to avert social chaos can be illustrated by what has happened to Russian families. The Revolution and the years of uncertainty that followed it were enough to disturb any institution of society, but beyond this communist theory called for the abolition of bourgeois family morality, and to this end the government of Lenin made divorce free, legalized abortion, and so forth. In these circumstances, no wonder that Trotsky says:

> A vast amount of the homelessness of children, obvious and open as well as disguised, is a direct result of the great social crisis in the course of which the old family continues to dissolve far faster than the new institutions are capable of replacing it.

But if the new institutions cannot provide new stable human groups, surely the bureaucracy must bolster up what elements of stability still exist, must salvage what it can of the old family. This they have done, so far as it can be done, by getting rid of the laws of the first revolutionary enthusiasm. Trotsky goes on: "The most compelling motive of the present cult of the family is undoubtedly the need of the bureaucracy for a stable hierarchy of relations, and for the disciplining of youth by means of 40,000,000 points of support for authority and power." The only thing to be said to this is: "Of course. A planned economy cannot be put on in a social chaos: the breakdown of the community would involve that of the economy."

But this is perhaps giving the bureaucracy too much credit. Perhaps it was not so much theirs to chose whether or not the ancient family pattern was to be revived as theirs to acquiesce when it reasserted itself. Any society, after it has suffered a revolution, a war, any other severe shock tends to revert to what it would have been if the shock had not taken place, just as human beings tend to regain the weight and strength they lose during illness. The society never wholly returns to its ancient state, but it moves in that direction. If Russia under the Czars was governed by a bureaucracy, it is so governed under Stalin. If there was a secret police then, there is an Ogpu now. Perhaps even the ancient traditions of the village community, the *mir*, had some voice in the for-

(Continued on page 14)

Ballade—With Bitters

BY DAVID McCORD

I SLEPT a little, now I'm wide awake—
I'm riding on the train to Montreal.
The man across the aisle by some mistake
Is reading upside down "Death Hires the Hall."
A simple fact, and yet he's on the ball
In life insurance, liquor, eating steak—
So I'd imagine. Hence I simply scrawl:
Does anybody read for pleasure's sake?

From book reviews and brutal blurbs I quake,
From wormwood fiction and the novel's gall;
For lower than the belly of a snake
It seems to me some writers like to crawl.
No chapter is complete without a brawl,
And even heroes fail to get a break;
They'd murder granny in a Paisley shawl—
Does anybody read for pleasure's sake?

Imminent omnibus, in hands that ache,
Or thick romance of silky southern drawl,
Bought by the pound like chocolate layer-cake,
Begun in spring, abandoned in the fall!
Young characters grow old, the short ones tall,
Some shoot themselves or dive into the lake;
Shoot me instead! My back is to the wall.
Does anybody read for pleasure's sake?

L'Envoi

Prince, you're a gentle fellow, I recall:
And though I may appear obtuse, opaque,
Perverse, old fashioned, unperceptive, small—
Does anybody read for pleasure's sake?

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Ignoblest Roman

THE PRETENDER. By Lion Feuchtwanger. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

IT is possible that some people may not get beyond the first two or three of the eighty short chapters "The Pretender" contains; but those who go farther will find the effort repays them. The repelling elements are all there at the start and may be summed up by saying that the book is not a work of English literature. In detail they include the fact that the malicious dislike between Senator Varro and Governor Cejonius which is the cornerstone of the plot, is insufficiently motivated for the English-speaking reader; that the book is obviously going to cover a considerable range of time and space without much pause for analysis and with none of those bits of descriptive writing, the color of a leaf or the smell of dawn, without which it is difficult for the English reader to obtain the suspension of disbelief; that there is little dialogue; and finally that Feuchtwanger's concept of life under the Roman Empire is not that to which we are accustomed.

For our modern concepts of life, manners, and ideas in ancient Rome are as nationally stylized as the pronunciation of Latin. We are children of the barbarian invaders; the essential Rome must remain as much a mystery to us as the spectacle of the silent Senators to Brennus. It is not that Feuchtwanger takes liberties with facts as when he says "Redbeard" was a favorite nickname of Nero, whereas the man's beard was not red, Ahenobarbus was his real name, and he removed the head from anyone who used it. It is the business of historical fiction to take liberties with facts, to give artistic form and conclusiveness to the inconclusive and discordant elements of history. Rather it is that Feuchtwanger misses an essential Roman-ness of spirit which Edward Lucas White and Robert Graves caught so thoroughly.

Or that he seems to have missed it; for before a hundred pages are past the stiffness has worn off; one is prepared to admit Feuchtwanger's picture the reality and Graves's the shadow. His Roman portraits are extraordinarily clear and fine—the incomprehensible, aristocratic Varro, half charlatan, half philosopher—Caesar's assistant Balbus was just such a fellow. The virtuous and pedantic Cejonius is drawn from the life; you will find him in Cicero's letters where his name is Cato. Fronto the tactician might be Fronto the rhetor and friend of Marcus Aurelius; Trebonius the soldier who covers so long a distance on the strength of a fine body might be Marc Antony; the three women of the piece, the false Nero's true wife, the false Nero's false wife, and the true Nero's mistress—yes, they are all indubitably Roman and better than Graves's Romans, who look like Englishmen in night shirts beside them. They move, they live, they progress rationally through the mazes of the adroit and complicated plot surrounding the rise and fall of the man who pretended to be Nero come to life again in a manner which has more Roman vitality than any work of fiction with which I, for one, am familiar.

With the non-Romans Feuchtwanger is not so successful. He has a German preference for the direct phrase which serves him ill when he tries to picture Orientals evading a question—or perhaps his translators have served him ill by too faithfully rendering into English phrases which would be tiresomely circumlocutory in German but have the ring of "Achtung!" when Englished as they stand. St. John the Divine also moves through the story, also rather unconvincing as a hairy and haggard retired actor instead of the subtle metaphysician of the First Epistle. But John and the Orientals both belong to the chorus; the limelight is always on the Romans, and of them one can only say good and better and best.

Fletcher Pratt is the author of "Hail Caesar!" a biographical and psychographical study of the Roman Emperor.

Politics de Luxe

"WASHINGTON CALLING!" By Marquis W. Childs. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

MR. CHILDS'S first novel should add moderately to the book-conscious public's information as to what Washington is all about. It is the tale of a Southern ex-Senator—obviously from one of the more sedate Southern commonwealths—turned lobbyist. Or perhaps lobbyist is too crude a word for it. Charley Squires is a de luxe wielder of influence. His fees for putting the subtle pressure where it will produce just the right appointment, just the right majority on a committee vote favorable to the money power, rarely run under $50,000. For getting them the federal judge who will approve their program of eviscerating a regional railroad system and returning the localities dependent upon it to horse and buggy age poverty, some railroad promoters offer him $100,000.

Masha Schatt
MARQUIS W. CHILDS

Ostensibly, "Washington Calling!" is the story of how Charley Squires puts it over. To this extent, there is nothing more here than the novelized version of the good old "shame of cities" touch. Naive readers will have the right to be aghast that things are ordered thus, and probably will be.

But Mr. Childs probes much deeper than this rather obvious ethical shock. Charley Squires, he makes us see, is a good deal more than a wanton corruptionist. He is a pleasantly human, definitely likeable, intelligently self-critical person caught in a coil of ambition. He has drifted into being a de luxe wielder of influence not so much from innate cynicism and viciousness as in order to maintain a living and entertainment standard which Washington will respect.

But everybody in the novel is caught in a coil, from the President down. Even the reformers who are ready to expose the appointment have to trade their opposition at the last moment for the promise of the Senate leaders to let them have at the railroad corruptionists eventually with a pogrom of investigation. The practical politics of reform, in other words, has to trade with plain practical politics in order to get its innings.

Almost, in short, Mr. Childs propounds the thesis that the sheer amoral materialism of our civilization and our practical politics is too much for human character in Washington, too much for the science of government, too much for the romantic tradition that the average citizen may seriously expect his welfare to be considered by his rulers.

Mr. Childs puts it all suavely and competently, mercifully avoids the smart-cracking clichés of the gossip columnists, and unquestionably has written the most intelligent novel of Washington since Harvey Fergusson's "Capitol Hill." But like even the best in the Washington novel business he poses type problems and situations, exhibits type personalities, describes mainly type amours and cocktail parties. In spite of its merits such a performance rarely quite loses the flavor of the interpretive correspondent and the disillusioned editorial writer. The definitive novel of individual characters in Washington still remains to be written.

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Behind the Lines in Wartime Richmond

BUGLES BLOW NO MORE. By Clifford Dowdey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

THE hate that goes on behind the lines is usually the worst, in any war. In his picture of wartime Richmond, from April 1861 to April 1865, Mr. Dowdey has, deliberately, focused his story on the beleaguered capital and the men and women who stayed behind in it, rather than upon the Army of Northern Virginia and the great exploits. And the war itself is very largely seen through the eyes of Richmond rather than through the eyes of Brose Kirby and the fighters. It is an interesting point of view and realistically set forth. Here are the profiteers and first enthusiasm, the wild rumors, the false hopes, the waiting for news, the petty jealousies, and the long attritional grind of day by day. The women play as important, or more important, a part than the men, and the whole backwash of war is sketched with vividness. Unfortunately, however, if Mr. Dowdey is thorough, he is also somewhat pedestrian. He has written a readable story, and flavored it with accurate detail. But he has not written a story that carries the reader away in spite of himself and makes that reader unwilling to put the book down.

CLIFFORD DOWDEY
Drawing by John De Groot

The central thread of the book is the love story of Mildred Wade and Brose Kirby. Brose Kirby had been her father's clerk—she should have married the suitable Dennis Leatherbury. But when she saw Brose Kirby first, in the wildness of Secession Night, there was a wildness in him that corresponded to the wildness in herself that she barely knew. The conventional barrier between them was broken by war as many such barriers are broken. But, besides the central love story, there are many other threads. There is the over-imaginative weakling, Philip Parramore, who would rather do anything than fight and comes to the bad end of all self-betrayers. There is Virginius Kirby, who kills himself like Edmund Ruffin, after the fall of the Confederacy. There is Brose's darkling mother and his sister Elizabeth, gone mad after the death of her husband. There are, in the offing, the great figures of legend, Stuart with his beard and banjo-player, Stonewall Jackson, and Marse Robert. And, always, there are the buzzing and the whispers of wartime Richmond, and the small, stinging rumors that fly from mouth to mouth.

Unfortunately, and in spite of Mr. Dowdey's solid realism, the fictional characters remain, for the most part, one-dimensional. Brose is a sultry violence and Mildred a girl in love against her traditions, but that is all that they are. Philip Parramore is consistently weak and self-deceiving, Milton and Lorenzo Duke consistently villainous, Elizabeth and her Chester little more than lay figures blown in a storm. There is a certain reality in Brose's mother, and a decided reality, oddly enough, in the minor figure of Dennis Leatherbury, who never got to be a hero but lost his arm instead. The bread riot is vivid enough, and the final description of the fall of the city, with its looting and confusion, has a nightmare vividness. But, in the end, the characters are swallowed by the city—and yet one wonders whether there weren't other people in Richmond, too, even in those war years—people a little less limited than the ones Mr. Dowdey has chosen to describe.

As far as the historical point of view is concerned, "Bugles Blow No More" is violently partisan, not only in its characters but in the quotations from documents with which Mr. Dowdey has seen fit to adorn the heads of his chapters. The Yankees get short shrift—Jefferson Davis fares little better. I think in the end the partisanship gets a little shrill—even for Mr. Dowdey's rather restricted scene. For it, too, is one-dimensional, as are his characters. There is a great deal of interesting and fascinating material on life in Richmond—there are some telling, individual scenes. The love story is an adequate one, and Dennis Leatherbury is somebody I would like to know more about. And yet, and in spite of the realistic detail, there is something oddly old-fashioned about "Bugles Blow No More."

Stephen Vincent Benét, author of "John Brown's Body," has read extensively in the history and literature of the Civil War.

Academic Atmosphere

NEIGHBOR TO THE SKY. By Gladys Hasty Carroll. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by KENNETH P. KEMPTON

NOW Mrs. Carroll leaves the Maine farm she remembered so clearly and recreated with such tender strokes, to wander disconsolate among American colleges. Her protagonist is a farmer's son; by letters and an occasional visit he keeps in touch with Derwich throughout the story; and at the end he is headed back there for good. But it is a trying experience for all of us.

This experiment in education is no mere flight of fancy. Mrs. Carroll is a skilled worker who knows that only by dramatic technique based on accurate detail can she hope to get her point across without sounding like a tract. If the method creaks at times, as the speech and thoughts of her characters seem more hers than theirs, it is still dramatic. If the detail is heaped up with a shovel concealing the image it was to illuminate, with one or two minor exceptions it is nonetheless accurate detail. So the book is readable. From Derwich we go, culture-bent with Carpenter Luke Gilman and his bride, first to Foster College, New Hampshire, where he gets his A.B., next to the Harvard Summer School, then to Columbia Teachers' College, and finally to Lorado University, Wisconsin, where he becomes instructor, then assistant professor and acting head of an endowed research laboratory. There is fresh detail all the way there is vivid action, there is sharp contrast; there are convincing impressions of the Yard, married graduate life in New York, a university medical center, classrooms of every sort, scholars who don't teach and deans who ought to be selling insurance. The flat taste of one kind of higher learning is indubitably here.

And yet there is something wrong with the book—something below defects of method and beyond the disappointment of one reader who loves to read of Maine next best to being there. It is as if Mrs. Carroll had doggedly shaped a narrative that would take her through—of all things—a syllogism; had conceived an exercise not in plotting but in dialectics; and will brook no interference by a little thing like human nature. But the grand conclusion turns out to be a truism that we took for granted at the start.

This trouble is clearly revealed by her chief characters, especially by Luke himself. He is simply too good to be true. Many readers may like the book. Others will wish they might say to the author, without giving offense, "See you next time on the farm, now you've come out of the sky. Drafty up there."

Kenneth P. Kempton is the author of "Old Man Greenlaw."

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To Rio, and Beyond

DISCOVERING SOUTH AMERICA. By Lewis R. Freeman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1937. $3.

LAND OF TOMORROW. By R. W. Thompson. New York: Appleton-Century Co. 1937. $4.

RIO. By Hugh Gibson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

IT is probable that Lewis R. Freeman knows more about South America than any native resident, more, unquestionably, than any foreign writer today. Since his first visit in 1905 he has returned four times; he has seen it grow during those thirty years, and written of it always with affection and the knowledge bred of comparative experience. Thus the groundwork was laid for his "Discovering South America" by flight around and across the country.

Most of the trip was by plane, a summary visioning of the land as nearly entire as is possible to man. The scenes beneath him, the jungles, cities, and pampas, he was able to examine, like Le Sage's devil on two sticks, with the eye of memory, but he descended at every scene of interest, with the exception of the Chaco, to note progress and change. He went by boat through the straits of Magellan, and by "switchback" railway, with the aid of oxygen tanks, 15,000 feet up into the Andes. And wherever he stopped he studied the history, politics, economy, and promise of the place.

The list of South America's industrial assets is as immense and various as the country itself, but Mr. Freeman has considered them thoroughly, nitrate of soda, guano, coffee, ore, oil, beef, a dozen others, with the history of their development and sometimes, as in the case of rubber, their tragic decline. The growth of jungle provinces into republics, the exploitation of every resource, and the new facilities for transportation, both achieved largely with North American assistance, concern him deeply. What does not concern him, it seems (and this is the book's greatest lack), is individual men. There are few faces here; there is too much topography and too little humanity for such otherwise well-rounded research. But Mr. Freeman is not a literary man; and as a scholar he would have more wisely spared the purple passages of scenic description, for those fine phrases, those filliped metaphors, usually land butter-side down. However, this is a book of infinite value to all who are seriously interested in South America, and with the addition of a detailed map and index it would be incomparable in its class.

For those who are not serious at all, but who want to travel pleasantly and see accurately the only part of the same vast country that Mr. Freeman has slighted, there must be recommended R. W. Thompson's "Land of Tomorrow." Mr. and Mrs. Thompson left England for a trip of ten thousand miles through South America with only five pounds in hand; twenty were to be paid them on arrival and, in two installments later, eighty pounds more. They were off for adventure, if they had to starve for it, and the amazing thing is that even in the depths of Bolivia and Paraguay, when their money was long delayed, they lived happily and well.

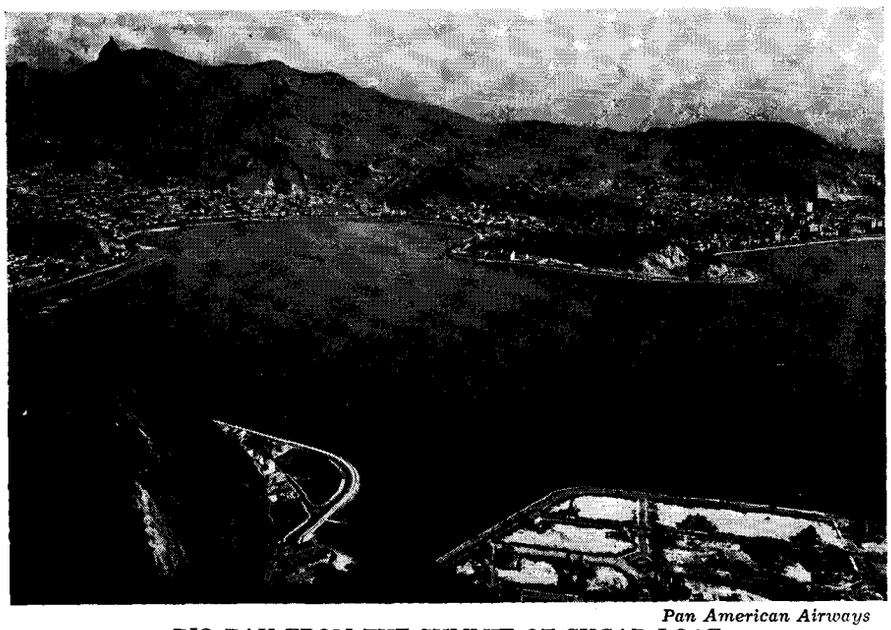
"If ever I have appeared sophisticated it has been a pose," the author writes. There is no pose here. The many adventures he had he describes with a refreshing joy in them, and that is rare among travel writers today. He visited the English and German colonies in the heart of the jungle, and the great ruins of the Jesuit missions. He played "Truco" with the natives everywhere, and was frankly frightened by the midnight dance of the Lengua Indians, a race which still kills superfluous grandparents and children.

But the Chaco war between Paraguay and Bolivia was the goal of Mr. Thompson's journey. Standard Oil was financing it, the Paraguayans said, and the United States was backing Standard Oil, as evidenced by the U. S. Army uniforms on the Bolivian troops. To discover the truth of these wild assertions Mr. Thompson left his wife in Buenos Aires and set off by train for the scene of battle, travelling up to La Paz and down again, up to the Alti-Plano desert at the top of the world and down to the hidden Yungas "valley of perpetual spring." Paraguay was already winning, with untrained Guarani Indians depending entirely upon arms captured from the German-trained Bolivians to replace their poor machetes. The author's conclusions as to the cause, maintenance, and strategy of the war are squarely presented at the end of the book.

Mr. Hugh Gibson, as United States ambassador to Brazil, has written, in "Rio," a most diplomatic guide to the city of his legation. It is hard to believe that Rio is quite the enchanting place he makes it seem, where even taxi drivers are courteous to one another, and diplomats laugh sweetly when for the dozenth time in a day of carnival some wit squirts perfume and ether into their eyes. But Mr. Gibson is well-nigh convincing, so simply and charmingly does he write. Very wisely, too, he has substituted splendid photographs for the gaudy description usual to books on Rio.

It has sufficed him to tell of drives and excursions, of markets and cathedrals, of exquisite insects, of means to pleasant living which the tourist might ignore. Dourado fishing appealed to him, and stag hunting with hounds in the jungle. His book is filled with seasoned counsel, of how, for example, to deal best with sleepy Brazilian business men, or shoot tigers cheaply. His history of the city must interest any visitor, enlivened as it is with such tales as that of St. Anthony's statue which was created a captain in the Portuguese army and gradually promoted to lieutenant colonel, receiving full pay the while. The author's pleasure in salvaging a home from the tropical bush, and gardening in that urgent earth, is spontaneously communicated. It was a sort of negative gardening, a struggle to weed out beauty rather than to pamper it.

Even though we may never roll down to Rio, and must fend a sterner climate with cod liver oil (prepared from the viscera of Rio sharks), we shall be thankful for the grace and intelligence of Mr. Gibson's book.



Pan American Airways

RIO BAY FROM THE SUMMIT OF SUGAR LOAF
From "Discovering South America."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
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Proposal to Contributors

THE editors of this magazine have no difficulty in getting articles on the place of Matthew Arnold in the modern world, but they cannot find anyone who is able and willing to write on the place in the modern world of Edgar Rice Burroughs. We—and our subscribers—define literature more leniently than the people who send us manuscripts, and our brows seem to have a more obtuse angle. Not one adequate unsolicited article on popular literature has come to this office since last September.

At that time we issued an editorial call for articles describing the reading habits of different parts of the country and the particular problems, if any, of the writers and magazines in the various sections. We received enough letters to convince us that there is plenty of interesting material and plenty of people capable of writing about it, but not a single essay has come in uninvited. Meanwhile enough articles on Poe's sources, the reputation of Charles Lamb, and influences in the poetry of Dante Gabriel Rossetti have come in to enable us to compete with *PMLA* if we wanted to. We should have been willing to publish these if they had said anything new or had said anything old in an interesting way, but what we have been yearning for is something on the sources of *True Confessions*, the reputation of Horatio Alger, Jr., and the influences at work on Ursula Parrott.

Proposal: postpone your critical revaluation of T. S. Eliot for a while and dig into some humbler subjects. Boys' Books Then and Now, for instance—Oliver Optic and James Henty as opposed to the Tom Swift series (or whatever has taken the place of the Tom Swift series—the fact that the editor doesn't know shows how ripe this subject is). A lot of Then and Now articles are crying to be written: light fiction in 1910 and 1937, the American historical novel in 1910 and 1937, *Snappy Stories* when Mencken and Nathan were developing the type and *Silk Stocking Stories* now, literary fetiches and superstitions and clichés compared and contrasted, critical absolutes since 1920, the wave motion of little magazines or of esoteric poetry. Or look round you. What is the digest type of magazine doing to literature, if anything? What shall the Writers' Project do now? Why aren't American nature handbooks as good as English ones? Do you perceive any correlation between popular science and popular fiction, or what is the time-lag between the advance of science and serious fiction? What do doctors read, and why? And lawyers, traveling salesmen, the unemployed, the Engineers' Club, small town reading circles?

We can easily get all we want about Propertius, Gabriel Harvey, Whitman, and Stephen Spender. We can't satisfy our hunger for information about syndicated poetry, how the styles in magazine stories change, or what people are reading in the observation car. Send the job on Matthew Arnold to *Speculum* and try us out with James T. Trowbridge or Tiffany Thayer.

Proposal to Publishers

There are three reasons for the annual trip to Europe: precedent, the charm of traveling on the *Queen Mary* with the firm paying the bill, and the need to watch over the three or four English novelists who make money for the firm lest the ethics of moneymaking English novelists lead them crosslots to some other publisher. All of these cost money but there is an indirect expense that outweighs all three: the sixth-rate English novels which a publisher on tour picks up because he feels that he ought to have something to show for his money and time. Bad English novels can be worse than any other kind of reading matter and usually are, and they cost American publishers a sizable loss every year. Every publisher realizes this, but he picks up three or four every time he goes abroad, just to salve his conscience about the expense account. He wastes money to justify wasting money.

Proposal: save some of it. Send a bright young man over tourist class to flatter and cozen the English moneymakers and have him come back on the next boat. Let an agent send the sixth-rate novels over here and then read them in your own office, within reach of the ledgers. And set up a new precedent: get out into the American hinterland for a month and see what is being written there and who is writing it.

You could do it by car and still feel magnificent if the car was expensive enough, but probably no publisher could bring himself to stay in overnight cabins and it will be better to travel by de luxe trains, when possible, and to stay at the best hotels (they're pretty good—ask your salesmen). When you get to a town, stay there till you have found out about it. Talk to the librarian, to the newspaper editor and his literary editor if he has one, to the bookseller, to the people who buy books. Find out who is trying to write books in that town. Get the young men and women in for cocktails in your suite. Find out what they are interested in, what they are writing. Look at their manuscripts. You will read an enormous amount of terrible stuff, but before you come home you will also find some good stuff that you would otherwise never have heard about. Much better stuff than those novels about how the vicar caused a perfectly understandable misunderstanding and how Daphne and Pamela, growing beyond the Girl Guides, met Pan or avoided him by going for a bath. And you will find some young writers who can be developed into some very nice entries in your fall catalogue and some splendid figures in your ledgers. We hear you talk a lot about nursing young talent along. Maybe you would find more to nurse if, instead of hopefully running prize contests, you went out looking for it. The place to look for it is west of the Hudson, south of the Battery, and on the wrong side of the tracks. The time to look for it is now. Trade your B-deck stateroom for a Pullman ticket and see life.

Proposal to a Pulitzer Committee

To the committee on history: it is pleasant to have the prize go to a study of Yankee culture but, bearing in mind what your job is, you might look back over a career that includes "The Life of Harrison Gray Otis," "The Maritime History of Massachusetts," "The Oxford History of the United States," "Builders of the Bay Colony," "The Development of Harvard University," "The Founding of Harvard College," "Harvard College in the Seventeenth Century," "Three Centuries of Harvard," and "The Puritan Pronaos." Or, if you do not care to consider careers but want to hold rigidly to the books of the year, be informed that the last three named were all published in 1936. Mr. Brooks's beautifully written adventuring among the journals and letters of New England literary men goes only superficially into the real energies of New England, it is history only in the most formal and distant sense, and so far as it is history at all it is history in a vacuum, with no forces from the world outside playing on Dr. Holmes.

If you are convinced that the history of New England culture can be important, if you would like to take official notice of the most penetrating, most exhaustive, most learned, and most brilliant study of its origins and adaptations and transformations, its relation to other cultures and its place in our own, investigate the work of Samuel Eliot Morison.

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Letters to the Editor: *Guiterman on Poetry; Mencken on English*

Critics vs. Readers

SIR:—If there is a decrease in the reading of poetry, as your editorial in *The Saturday Review of Literature* tells me you believe, I can tell you the principal reason, which is, that for the last ten years our most prominent critics of poetry have practically been insisting that the only poetry worthy of attention is that which is obscure, esoteric, artificial, and generally extreme, or poetry that is essentially "class conscious," not to add proletarian; and that the large majority of intelligent readers, saying, "Well, if this is poetry, I don't like poetry," shy away from everything in verse form.

You must be aware that for a considerable time criticism has been dominated by the Left Wing. I don't think that I need to give you a bill of particulars. The critics in this dispensation will not approve of anything in poetry that is direct, clear, and unforced, and if anything in it offends their political, economic, or social views, the poet is damned. People still want poetry, but they want poetry that is beautiful, clear, and unaffected. But what they hear about is poetry that must be elaborately explained by critics and professors. Such poetry is made more or less fashionable, and is bought but not read.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

New York City.

Sulphur and Molasses

SIR:—In the *S.R.L.* for April 24 one W. H. B. of Kitchener, Ontario (formerly Berlin) asks if *Wolkenkrätzer* in my review of Eric Partridge's "Dictionary of Slang" on April 10 was a misprint. It was not; it was an error, and a most sad one. The word should have been *Wolkenkratzer*, with no umlaut. I trust W. H. B. will forgive me, as God undoubtedly has.

In the *S.R.L.* for April 24 Christopher Morley explains that the use of the English *harbour* for the American harbor in his "Thunder On the Left," mentioned in my "American Language," was not his fault—that his publisher, a fiend in human form, changed the spelling in the hope of selling sheets of the book in England. I forgive Morley, and even his publisher. The English disease used to be common among the American Barabbases, but in late years they have begun to recover. My own publisher had it until I cured him with sulphur and molasses.

H. L. MENCKEN.

Baltimore, Maryland Free State.

Mr. Partridge to Mr. Mencken

SIR:—Mr. Mencken's generous and witty review of my "Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English" raises some interesting points.

He asks why *sky-scraper* (building) is not included. As he is not the only American reviewer to have asked this question, perhaps I may be allowed to point out that, being the only word for that thing, it has always—and long—been accepted as Standard English.

The abbreviations are those common to lexicography, with the addition of a few necessitated by the special nature of the subject; ten minutes spent on the list of abbreviations would spare the user any difficulty or irritation—a fact that is true of all large works of reference.

American slang is, in general, more picturesque and forceful than English slang, always excepting that of the Cockney; but English cant (language of the underworld) is quite as weird as American.

Finally, I should like to point out that this dictionary possesses one feature no less useful to Americans than to the British: it contains the fullest collection yet made of solecisms; not merely those of the illiterate but those others which, generally named catachreses, are committed by the educated.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

London.

"WASN'T GOLDILOCKS INVADING PRIVATE PROPERTY RIGHTS, GRANDMA?"

Elinor Wylie's Letters

SIR:—Nancy Hale is collecting the letters of Elinor Wylie for a collection of them and a memoir which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf. If those who own any letters from Mrs. Wylie will be kind enough to send them to Miss Hale, c/o Alfred A. Knopf, 501 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., they will be handled carefully and returned promptly.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, INC.

New York City.

Shakespeare Quartos

SIR:—May I beg the courtesy of your paper to aid me in my attempt to locate some missing Shakespeare Quartos? In 1916, Dr. Alfred W. Pollard of the British Museum and I edited "A Census of Shakespeare's Plays in Quarto, 1594-1709." I am now engaged in bringing up to date ownership of the individual copies.

Most of the early editions are accounted for but there are a number of copies of plays issued after 1640 which have appeared in the auction room since 1914 but which I am not now able to trace.

If any of your readers can tell me of any library, collector, or bookshop which has copies of genuine Shakespeare Quartos before 1709, I shall be most grateful.

(Miss) HENRIETTA C. BARTLETT.

623 Whitney Avenue,
New Haven, Conn.

English Geneva Bible

SIR:—My former appeals in *The Saturday Review* for information regarding editions of the English Geneva Bible met with a most generous response from librarians throughout the country. I am still trying to locate the following exceedingly rare editions:—

1. The New Testament of the edition of 1560, published separately in the same year. See Darlow and Moule's "Historical Catalogue," Vol. I, p. 62, bracketed statement following description of No. 77.
2. The Geneva version of the Psalter, with the title "The Whole Booke of Davids Psalmes, Both in Prose and Meetre", London, 1617. This is Lea Wilson's No. 63, p. 245; in Darlow and Moule's "Historical Catalogue," it is No. 279, Vol. I, p. 151.
3. Likewise the Geneva version of the Psalter, with the same title, dated 1628; Lea Wilson's No. 75, p. 247; Darlow and Moule, No. 322, Vol. I, pp. 160, 161.

I shall be deeply grateful to librarians and to private collectors if they will communicate with me in case they know of copies of these rare editions. Furthermore, I shall appreciate any publicity other periodicals may give this notice.

GEORGE H. HARTWIG.

Dana College,
Blair, Nebraska.

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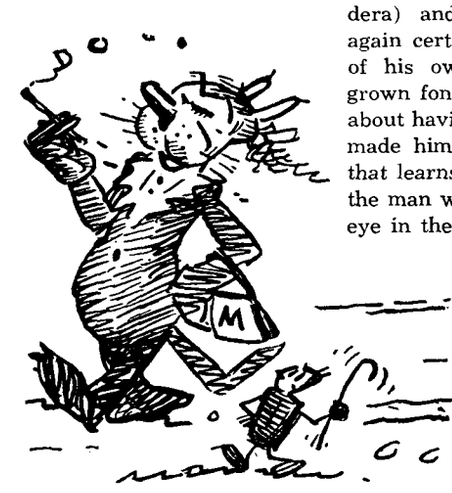
The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Archy--From Abdera

I GOT into a habit, some years ago, of looking into the index of any new book on contemporary history, sociology, or the so-called American Scene, to see if it contained allusion to or quotation from Don Marquis. And if, as usual, it didn't, I smiled sadly and secretly and went about my affairs. How characteristic of the Solemn Skullworkers, I said to myself, that because many of Marquis's most pungent comments on the human comedy were put in the form of soliloquies by the Old Soak or by archy the cockroach they could not recognize their specific gravity. I remember my amazement to discover that Max Eastman's *Enjoyment of Laughter*—a serious work, with diagrams (!) analyzing the instinctive responses of mirth—made no mention whatever of the most philosophical humorist of our time. That was, to me, the biggest joke of the book.

I dimly remember that there was someone called Democritus of Abdera, nicknamed the Laughing Philosopher. Where was Abdera, and what was there about the town that encouraged humor? Was it there that someone first became aware of the deep truth that the great things happen unpremeditated? That the best jokes and the most exquisite poignancies are blessed accidents? The notion of the office cockroach butting the typewriter keys with his head was not, to begin with, very amusing or even very original. (John Kendrick Bangs tried a similar idea a good many years ago, and abandoned it as unpromising.) The use of nothing but lower-case font, and no punctuation (because the roach couldn't manage the shift-key), once adopted, had to be continued; and was probably worth while as a stunt, though that also is a primary kind of waggishness. It has resulted in some of Don's subtlest and most humorous bits of verse and comment being buried in dense strips of type not easy to read. I think for instance of the superb bit of Shakespearean criticism ("The Parrot and Shakespeare" in *archy and mehitabel*) which is still far too little known.—The idea of using the roach as a dee-vice of scoff against the vers libre poets of Greenwich Village (pallidly conspicuous 21 years ago when archy was born) was also soon forgotten. Mehitabel the corybantic cat came on the scene to provide lyric spasms; archy became less the clown and more the skeptical commentator. I am not going to maxeastman the matter by avoirdupois analysis, nor insist that these two freakish falsefaces provided just the mechanism Mr. Marquis's genius required. The kind of people who have enjoyed the three archy books do not need to have it rubbed in on them that there is much there beyond sheer enjoyment. The right sort of reader, unspoiled by painful palaver, feels that sort of thing by sensitive instinct—and resents pedestrian footnotes.

Such at any rate was the fact; the roach and the cat, by their humble station in life, and the lowliness of their associates, proved an admirable vantage for merciless joshing of everything biggity. If you only noted their doings in the hasty reading of the *Evening Sun*, the *Herald Tribune*, or *Collier's*, you may almost have forgotten the precision of their best spoof. The last book of the three (*archy does his part*, 1935) was more carelessly edited than the others; a great deal of irrelevant matter got into it that obviously should have been dropped; but as a journeyman student of such affairs I do not regret this. It shows the author laboring, as everyone in such a task must often labor, under the stress of necessity and fatigue; mechanically going through the motions of assembling a batch of copy—and then there used to happen to Don what only happens to the man gifted by the gods: the automatic motions were replaced by the authoritative inward heat; his magical and stupendous fecundity took charge, and some totally unexpected gorgeousness would explode. As an instance I offer the whinnying absurdity of archy climbing Mount Everest, in the course of which he meets the Dalai Lama, Mehitabel, the Taj Mahal, and the Czar of All the Russias (who is living on canned heat). Among any number of exquisitely abominable belly-laughs in this piece the one that most cruelly besets me is the Czar's explanation why the sun never set on his dominions. "They were too cold to hatch." Archy discovers a "virgin gold mine." How do you know it is virgin, Mehitabel wants to know; she is expertly skeptical in such matters. "Give it the benefit of the doubt," says the Dalai Lama, but archy is sanguine—



ARCHY AND MEHITABEL
Drawing by George Herriman.

> it seems reasonable said i
> there is a snow slide
> over it every twenty minutes

Or, in the very rare and precious album of things that Really Are Funny, see archy's radio interviews on the Roach Paste Hour, or his nibblings of the Experts in Washington.

Like all old troupers, Don has always been delightfully shameless to use a familiar chestnut when (in the words of Mehitabel in one of her best pieces) He Doesn't Feel it Here (putting paw on bosom). He has the unerring instinct for things that are universal sure-fire, recognized all the world over as comic. Green vegetables are always funny, and bad poets, and winter underwear, and feet. He does not scruple, in extremity, to use the dreadful antique of the passenger who takes off his shoe just as the street-car is passing the glue factory (the first glue factory was probably in Abdera) and he uses again and again certain little whimwhams of his own of which he has grown fond. The flea that brags about having bitten the lion and made him cower; the bullhead that learns to live out of water; the man who pulls out his glass eye in the subway car and eats it, explaining that it's a pickled onion—what frolic the sedentary psychologist might have in computing some soul-dynamic on the frequent reappearance of these episodes. (Freuds rush in where angels fear to tread, as archy once said.) The practising journalist smiles affectionately and says Good old boy, that day he was hard up for copy. And then, among routine comedy there stream rockets of cold fire—

> that stern and rockbound coast
> felt like an amateur
> when it saw how grim the puritans
> that landed on it were

Or the egotistic lightning bug that said

> all I need is a harbor
> under me to be a
> statue of liberty

But archy took him down:

> youve made lightning for two hours
> little bug but i dont hear
> any claps of thunder

In an old book of Don's called *Prefaces* (1919) there is a beautifully acute remark, in the "Preface to the Diary of a Failure." He is speaking of the make-believes we all tell about ourselves, both

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to ourselves and to others. "There are two sorts of truth about all of us. There is that which the world sees, and that which we know. Our deeds, which are known to all men, too often appear to us to be strange, inexplicable libels on ourselves.

"They are the falsehoods told about us by life."

This, as you immediately see, deserves pause. And it is not impossible that one of the falsehoods life will always tell about Mr. Marquis is that this proud and sensitive mind, one of the most serious and gifted poets of our time, was a man who wrote mainly about an old soak, an alley cat, and a cockroach. And, just as Don broke loose into savage candor, years ago, in that fine poem *A Gentleman of Fifty Soliloquizes*, so I like archy best where he sparkles self-respecting indignation. The roach rejects the idea of "archy week" and refuses to march down Fifth Avenue at the head of a procession. He is a serious artist, he cries, he does not exploit himself nor permit himself to be exploited. All this, from archy the roach, is of course humorous enough; but who that has been bedevilled by the St. Vitus of our age does not honor the sincerity of this cry:—

i shall not go on
lecture tours
or attend dinners
or soul and uplift fights
i do not care to
have persons whose opinions
i do not respect
telling me that they admire
my work
i refuse to act as the bait
at affairs
where social and literary
climbers hope to
attract celebrities
i shall neither
write nor speak
nor allow my name to be used
for the benefit
of causes that i do not care
a damn about
i shall not answer letters
from persons who write to me
for no other object
than to have me answer
their letters
my time when i am not working
is my own
my work is all that
the public is entitled to know
about me

If you want to see archy in his philosophic vein, examine the fable called "The Robin and the Worm," in *archy and mehitabel*. When the worm was first swallowed by the robin he resented it, and did not agree with the robin's remark "a bird has to live somehow." But even while indignantly meditating this (in the robin's stomach) he feels a new and disintegrating influence "stealing along him from his positive to his negative pole." "He did not have the mental stamina to resist the insidious process of assimilation which comes like a thief in the night," and to his amazement finds himself already beginning to think like a robin.—I need scarcely add that about the time the worm has become enthusiastically pro-robin they are both snapped up by mehitabel—and the conclusion, "believe that everything is for you until you discover that you are for it" has superb political analogies that are being illustrated all around us every moment. Exactly like the absorption of the worm has a placid economic revolution taken place in the United States, almost unsuspected by some digestees.

So what, I ask myself again, was the happy quiddity of Abdera that gave its first citizen this richest gift of all; this incalculable, unpredictable joy of the grotesque, the magic to show us truth in the very shout of laughter. First the mirthquake, as Don said long ago, and then the still small voice. Let me allude to *Prefaces* once again. In a riotously absurd piece of kidding, the "Preface to the Prospectus of a Club," Don was talking about Brooklyn:—

> Walt Whitman used to live over there and edit the *Eagle* and go swimming in Buttermilk Channel, two points off the starboard bow of Hank Beecher's church. Once an old Long Island skipper sunk a harpoon into Walt's haunch when he came up to blow, and the poet, snorting and bellowing and spouting verse, towed the whaler and his vessel clear out to Montauk before he shook the iron loose. Is there a bard in Greenwich Village that could do that?

What I'm suggesting, and the whole gist of this little tribute, is that this casual comic paragraph, in the very guts and gusto of its Munchausenism, contains more shrewd criticism of Walt than many a whole solemn tome by the serious little people who write books about Moby Walt. —If you don't discern that, there's no use your reading Don Marquis; or Walt Whitman either.

I close by what is, in a sense, a breach of confidence, yet I think honorable. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, no unpractised judge of comedy at its highest, was saying that he would like to send a word of homage to the man who wrote of the Mermaid Tavern parrot. I offered to serve as go-between: I did not have the courage to tell Mr. Belloc that Don Marquis has long been seriously ill, and unable to correspond. But in a world where the cheap and tawdry win too easy applause it is not amiss to show how one rich talent salutes another. Mr. Belloc must forgive me if I quote from his note to Mr. Marquis:—

"I want you to know the permanent addition you have made to the furniture of my mind by your verses on William Shakespeare and his set, called *The Parrot*. It is a masterpiece and rare: rare indeed! With profound admiration, Sincerely yours."

JEROME WEIDMAN

Double Exposure

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE. By Jerome Weidman. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

THIS novel, a realistic satire, tells the story of an ambitious and unscrupulous young Jew named Harry Bogen, who begins as a shipping clerk in the New York garment center and rapidly becomes a successful dress manufacturer with money to burn. In this process he double-crosses every friend he has, except the chorus girl whose sex appeal is his stimulus. A few compunctions, raised by association with his mother and a childhood sweetheart, he stifles with a little vague discomfort. His only standard is to be smarter than the other fellow.

What is original in this is not so much the story—though there probably isn't a better report in fiction on labor racketeering and wildcat financing in the dress factories of Seventh Avenue. The novel is different because Harry Bogen tells the story in the first person. This is a considerable tour de force, because it provides expert characterization in a sustained double exposure: behind Bogen's egoism and self-justification the author's opinion of him is implicit throughout. And at the same time it has a curious effect, because the reader, carried along in the narrative, identifies himself with Bogen, and ends by feeling himself as much of a scoundrel as Bogen. This reviewer, for one, found the effect unusual.

Mr. Weidman has written a tough, vigorous, ironic story of an individual poisoned by ambition. In spite of its proletarian setting, it is not a sociological novel: the honest proletarians come to grief not through the fault of the "system," but through the untrustworthiness of human nature as exemplified in Harry Bogen. Some readers may find Bogen and his exploits so distasteful that they miss the point of the book; it is not for Pollyannas. But Bogen's unpleasantness makes him none the less interesting.

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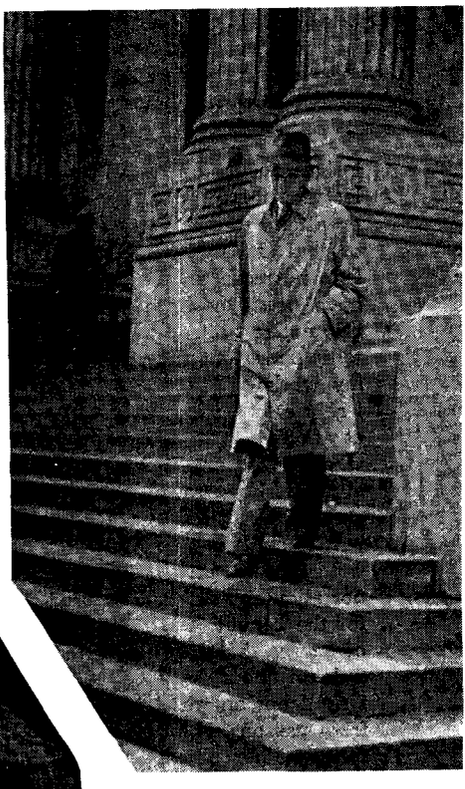
Aldous Huxley, interviewed at his publishers' office, talks of two books he intends to write: a short sociological study, and a new novel, the scene to be laid largely in Belgium. Mr. Huxley is driving from New York to Colorado, where he will live for several months.

(Photographs on this page by Robert Disraeli.)

E. Phillips Oppenheim, keeping up with his correspondence during his recent visit to New York, and possibly giving his secretary some notes for the plot of his 105th mystery novel. . . . Cedric Belfrage (below), "escapologist" who wrote "Away from It All," leaves the scholarly interior of the New York Public Library.

Thomas Mann, whose "Exchange of Letters" (on Nazi Germany) appeared while he was in the U. S.

Dean Alfange (above), who won the $2,500 Roosevelt Memorial Award for his book, "The Supreme Court and the National Will," talks with Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. . . . Archibald MacLeish (below, on the floor) holds the script during a rehearsal of his radio play, "The Fall of the City," at the Seventh Regiment Armory in New York.



John Steinbeck (left), in New York to dramatize "Of Mice and Men," lunches with his publisher Pascal Covici (left, below) and Congressman Maury Maverick (right), author of "A Maverick American," to be published soon

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Mirror of a City

THE SUN-PAPERS OF BALTIMORE. By Gerald W. Johnson, Frank R. Kent, H. L. Mencken, and Hamilton Owens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by FELIX MORLEY

ON May 17, 1837, a little four-page sheet, printed in what would today be called tabloid form, made its appearance on the streets of Baltimore, then a prosperous community of 90,000 people and the second city of the nation. This was the first issue of the *Baltimore Sun*, today one of the outstanding newspapers of this or any other country and so much an institution in its own community that to Baltimoreans the terms "Sunpaper" and "newspaper" are interchangeable.

To commemorate this centennial four prominent staff members of *The Sun*, and of its younger brother *The Evening Sun*, have collaborated in preparing this interesting, though uneven, volume. The names of H. L. Mencken and Frank R. Kent, associated with the Sunpapers for thirty-one and thirty-nine years, respectively, need no introduction. The other two authors are equally well-known in Baltimore, though perhaps less famous on the national stage. They are Hamilton Owens, editor of *The Evening Sun* since 1922, and Gerald W. Johnson, a member of his staff who has shown outstanding literary skill in his biographies of Andrew Jackson and Randolph of Roanoke.

It is the contribution of Mr. Johnson, who wrote only the first six chapters, which will make this volume good reading for many who have no interest in *The Sun*, or in Maryland politics. As a scholar and historian he has succeeded in presenting much more than the first half-century of *The Sun's* life—down to the death of Arunah Abell, its founder, in 1888. He has skillfully utilized the whole culture of the city of Baltimore as background, with a particularly interesting chapter on the Civil War and its disastrous consequences for this most northern of Southern and most southern of Northern cities. "What had been the most vibrant, energetic, and aggressive of American cities," says Mr. Johnson in summation of this period, "became a slow, plodding, dull town, and the newspaper that had risen with it became conservative, stodgy, dull, too."

That relationship between the character of a newspaper and the community which it serves has general application. Every newspaper is a reflection as well a determinant of its place and period and in the case of *The Sun* this identification has always been particularly pronounced. Arunah Abell was himself a New Englander, who worked south via Providence, New York, and Philadelphia, in the last of which he founded *The Public Ledger*. But Mr. Abell was only thirty-one when he came to Baltimore to launch a penny paper and it was in this community that he merged and found himself. From its inception Baltimore money and Baltimore brains have had a major share in the making of *The Sun*. No chain newspaper, with ultimate control remote from the place of publication, could ever hope for that integration with local life which *The Sun* has so happily achieved.

This fundamental aspect of the character of *The Sun* has also been sensed by Messrs. Kent, Mencken, and Owens. But apparently it means less to them—all native Baltimoreans—than to Mr. Johnson, a North Carolinian by birth. Indeed only the latter contributes anything that can

UNION ARTILLERYMEN IN 1862
With Baltimore under their guns.

be properly called a philosophy to a narrative which in its closing chapters becomes largely a catalogue of names and events. Herein there is a sharp difference between "The Sunpapers of Baltimore" and the admirable little history of the *Manchester Guardian* which was written by W. H. Mills for the centennial of that great English newspaper in 1821.

The difference between the two studies is due in part to the fact that the *Manchester Guardian* history was the work of a single man while that of *The Sun* is a composite which Mr. Mencken, as general editor, has not moulded into a uniform whole. Some of the superiority of the *Manchester Guardian* history is also to be attributed to the fact that it could focus readily on the dynamic personality of C. P. Scott. Since the death of Arunah Abell, on the other hand, *The Sun* has had no one outstanding personality. Its success has been due to a smooth synthesis of the work of many highly competent newspaper men.

But the real reason why the *Manchester Guardian* history said more in 146 pages than that of *The Sun* has done in 430 is more subtle. One man, in the case of the great English liberal newspaper, was able to give it a soul, a sensitiveness to moral ideas, and an aspiration towards human betterment, which *The Sun*, for all its splendid qualities, has never securely attained. Perhaps this is inevitable in an organization where the primary emphasis is coördination rather than leadership. Perhaps it merely illustrates the fact that *The Sun*, like most newspapers, is inevitably more interested in concrete events than in abstract ideas. Whatever the cause there is about *The Sun*, and is revealed in its history, little of that divine discontent which is characteristic of neither Baltimore nor Manchester, but of which the *Guardian* has most notably been an exponent.

It may be that *The Sun*, early in its second century, will overcome those limitations which seem the more pronounced because of its many virtues. The current record of its steadfast triumph over all the hazards and vicissitudes of journalism does much to encourage that belief.

Felix Morley is editor of The Washington Post.

Easy on the Ears

A BOOK OF THE SYMPHONY. By B. H. Haggin. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

I SHOULD feel a certain diffidence about reviewing this book, obviously the product of great and fastidious musical learning, were it not specifically addressed to people like me: to that large and growing class of persons who, knowing little—or nothing—of musical notation and playing no instrument, yet have, through habitual concert-going, through records, and through the radio, a fair acquaintance with music and an increasing desire to understand it musically. To such persons Mr. Haggin's book is a boon. The simple yet ingenious device of a ruler (provided with the book), by whose exact measurements the reader is referred to specific passages on the several standard phonograph recordings of the best known symphonies, makes it possible, for the first time, I believe (outside of a classroom or a lecture illustrated by recorded or pianistic illustrations), to listen studiously to symphonic music until through careful and repeated attention to the whole and to the details in their context, one may really be said to hear and to know what one hears. It is rather a pity that the publishers cannot endow the reader with album sets of the thirty-two symphonies and with a good modern phonograph. There is a further way in which this book makes the actual music it discusses immediately available as illustration. The musical passages quoted are not only referred to by exact references to given places on records. They are quoted in musical notation which may be

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played over on the piano, or, for those with some experience in reading scores, they may be read in listening silence.

It is a curious thing, and seems at first (but only at first) a qualified compliment to say that this book is important and delightful quite apart from the author's comments in English. This careful analysis of the musical materials made available on the records of the great symphonies is itself as serious and pleasant a contribution to musical enjoyment and the esthetics of listening as has been made in many years. It is really quite a little work to do exactly what Mr. Haggin tells you to do in his "Procedure." But the work itself is fun and will increase the fun you have in listening in the future. For most listeners he opens up a new world, but rather as a microscope does than as a geography does. And oddly enough (or rather not so oddly, since music is deployed in time), this ingenious method of listening to musical details makes the whole of each composition clear in a way it could not otherwise be. It requires only a careful examination of one symphony in terms of Mr. Haggin's phonographic method to see how valuable his technique is, and what painstaking care must have gone into making it so simple for the common listener. For the latter, by the way, Mr. Haggin, unlike some musicologists, has a real respect. For he stresses the point that whatever is in music is there to be listened to, and the listener without a technical vocabulary can still be taught to hear everything or almost everything that is there. Music, we need to be reminded, was composed to be listened to. Mr. Haggin's book simply opens and disciplines our ears.

At least one reader, however, has a real regret that Mr. Haggin exercised quite so much self-restraint in his commentary on musical form, symphonic form, and individual composers (limited in this volume to Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and Franck), and on the orchestra. He is so convinced (and properly so) that what music says cannot be said in any other terms, that he has preferred to err, if anything, on the side of saying too little.Yet it is possible, as his brief pages show, to say in English highly illuminating things about musical form, musical experience, and musical emotion, as well as relevant things about the composers themselves. His brief page on the development of symphonic form as we know it, out of the earlier vocal music of Western Europe, is so telling that it makes one hungry for more, as do his comments on the unique character of musical forms and their relation to the listener's experience and to the composer's. And one would go a long way to find so exact a communication of the qualities of Haydn and Mozart and their differences as are given in the brief commentary on each of those composers in the note preceding the analysis of their symphonies.

The Futility of Revolution

(*Continued from page 4*)

mation of the collective farms. The Russian Revolution was not the first which was to have liberated mankind from the anachronisms of family morality. Crane Brinton has written an interesting little history of the legislation of the French Revolution concerning bastardy. In their first effort to put the Rights of Man into effect by law, the leaders of the revolution abolished the legal disabilities of bastards. But in every subsequent revolutionary code some of them were replaced, until at the end of the cycle the Code Napoleon was less liberal in its treatment of bastards than even the law of the old regime. The ancient sentiments wholly reasserted themselves. Perhaps the men of Russia, like the Frenchmen before them, have remembered that they are *pères de famille*, and the bureaucracy has had to acquiesce.

Any skillful administration must call a new thing by an old name, if people are devoted to the old name. But whereas Caesar and Napoleon needed to do little more in this line than to call their new empires republics, Marx and Lenin left behind them a vast and revered body of theory concerning what would happen and what ought to happen, and in terms of this body of theory Stalin and his colleagues must reinterpret everything they do, including any departures they make from what Marx and Lenin called for. If the world revolution is abandoned, the bureaucracy must either say that it has not really been abandoned or that it has been abandoned for good Marxist reasons. Never can they say simply, as Bismarck spoke simply about blood and iron, that it has been abandoned because that was the sensible thing to do. This is the part of their duties for which the rulers of other countries, who must do some of this unattractive work, but not nearly so much, will most pity the rulers of the new Russia.

In order to carry through their program of rapid increase of industrial production, the rulers of Russia had to provide against any large incidence of social chaos, social chaos being not only the absence of public order but the absence of any stable pattern of social relationships. But they had to do more than provide that conditions were thus negatively favorable. They had to foster those feelings which lead men to work hard and eagerly in coöperation with their leaders and with their fellows. There is little doubt that they have succeeded. Every observer, each in his own tongue, testifies to the excellently good morale of the Soviet citizens. They feel, and are made to feel, that the eyes of the world are upon them, that their system is incomparably the best, that they are partaking in a new and common endeavor. The most productive workers, the most productive factories are held up in the newspapers to the praise of all the nation. The workmen must feel that their rulers are taking an interest in them. How this morale can be maintained in the future, with the introduction of American speed-up methods of factory management, with all their irritations, is a grave problem. But at the present the citizens of the U. S. S. R. display all of those symptoms of self-confidence, so irritating to outsiders, which Americans displayed during the first half-century after their own Revolution.

The foregoing points can rapidly be applied. The fallacy of Marxist sociology is what A. N. Whitehead has called "the fallacy of misplaced concreteness," which can crudely be described as this: when there are in reality a number of important factors at work in a situation, to describe the situation as if you thought that a selected few were the only factors at work. The orthodox Marxist sociology —Weisbord's book is wholly orthodox in this—interpreted the history of nations in terms of certain selected factors; social classes, the economic interests of their members, the state of the productive technique of a country were the chief ones. No one doubts that these are factors of the first importance, but in any period of the history of any country there are a number of others of the same order of importance.

In the instance of modern Russia, I spoke of the sentiments and traditions of the Russian community, as illustrated in what has happened to Russian families; I spoke of morale; I spoke of the tendency of any society to move after a shock in the direction of the state the society would have been in if no shock had occurred. I argued that the success of Russian production and the direction of the policy of the Russian government were dependent on all of these considerations. But these are the kinds of social forces which the Marxists make no effort to bring into their interpretation of history. Weisbord speaks once explicitly of such "secondary social forces" and quotes a letter of Engels giving the reasons why Marx and he laid such stress on the economic factors in history. For the rest Weisbord ignores the social forces as far as he can, though they will keep breaking in upon his story. The reason for this Marxist disregard is of course the theory that the other features of society are dependent on the economic organization of society. Its implication is that what is secondary can safely be disregarded. In fact, the dependence is not a one-way affair but is mutual; there is, however, no need to argue here the Marxist theory in the abstract. Events in Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, even in Russia itself, where the old rules of social organization were expected not to apply, have shown once again that those social forces which the Marxists call "secondary" are in reality of the first importance.

Mr. Homans is co-author of "An Introduction to Pareto."

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Science and America

FAMOUS AMERICAN MEN OF SCIENCE. By J. G. Crowther. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN RIORDAN

MR. CROWTHER'S title is to some extent misleading. His book is about some, not all, famous American men of science, specifically, Franklin, Henry, Gibbs, and Edison (Edison's title to inclusion is the subject of a special brief). Further it is a book with a thesis—which in its mildest form is the view that science may be "interpreted as a product of human history, in contradistinction to the traditional view that science exists as a thing in itself. . . ."; in bolder outline, the view that scientific development and the "needs of the time" are coincident. The thesis seems to have determined the content of the book since the coincidence of the periods of the four subjects selected (Franklin 1706-1790; Henry 1797-1878; Gibbs 1839-1903; Edison 1847-1931) with the full period of American history can hardly be accidental. Moreover, the field from which the subjects are selected, the physical sciences, has of course an immediate relation to the development of industrial America. Hence the book aims to be, to a certain extent, the biography of science in America (so far as the thesis goes) as well as the biographies of four American scientists.

For the reader, the two objects are separable; that is, he can take his American scientists with or without the belief that they are integral with their environments. And, however he takes it, he will find much of great interest. Franklin is a man like Leibniz, a public figure of great statesmanship as well as a scientist of great penetration. As a man, Henry is possibly the least interesting, but Gibbs has all the intellectual splendor and some of the impenetrability of Gauss; indeed the suggestion of Gauss is to some extent inevitable. Despite Mr. Crowther's brief for Edison, he seems in full portrait more like a specimen of Yankee ingenuity, brash, shrewd, rough-hewn, and of native wit, than like a scientist enlarging his cultural heritage.

The thesis is nowhere explicitly argued; with a somewhat out-moded scientific piety, Mr. Crowther prefers to have facts speak for themselves, that is, prefers demonstration by exemplification. The exemplification, to this reader, is neither striking nor conclusive. Franklin's famous experiments with frictional electricity are shown to have been aided by the dry Philadelphia air, whereas in England the same experiments were bogged by the moist air; hence Franklin got better results. Edison was the flamboyant peak of a hundred years of Yankee ingenuity and invention. But no one supposes that scientific work is uninfluenced by physical factors, or that the scientist is independent of the cultural heritage. Mr. Crowther's thesis demands more than this; scientist and environment are supposed to have some unique relation such that the scientist can do no other than he in fact does. Gibbs is the *experimentum crucis;* he lived in an ivory tower, his work was a purely formal development of thermodynamics, and finally was so little related to the needs of the time that the time nearly passed it by. The long and short of the matter seems to be that our ignorance of relationships such as concern the author's thesis is so deep as to make the development stages of science seem as much a matter of caprice as of law.

How to Write Stories

POST STORIES OF 1936: A Selection of Twenty-Three Stories. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES WOODWARD

THERE probably is not, and never has been, a magazine read by as many widely divergent kinds of people as *The Saturday Evening Post.* The *Post's* editorial triumph lies in the fact that every week of the year some one on a Kansas farm is as eager to get at the magazine as some one in a broker's office in New York. On the other hand, the most confirmed *Post* addict seldom reads his *Post* from beginning to end. If one entire number, from Norman Rockwell's cover to the soup ad in six colors, completely enthralled one individual the *Post* would have lost its uncanny flare for catholicity.

In the collection of twenty-three "Post Stories for 1936" this fish-for-every-palate quality is very evident. I myself like best "Total Stranger," by James Gould Cozzens, "The Devil and Daniel Webster," by Stephen Vincent Benét, and "Tightwad," by Paul Gallico, in the order named. "Escape from the Mine" is a vivid and terrible Revolutionary piece from Walter Edmunds's "Drums Along the Mohawk." Mary Roberts Rinehart is here, with her easy-seeming sharpness about people. Here is George Bradshaw's cock-eyed "Hot February." Here is Marquand's nineteenth century shipmaster, and I. A. R. Wylie's Soviet.

One thing I would like to say. You hear a good deal of supercilious talk about how *Saturday Evening Post* stories are "written to a formula," and there is the perennial wisecrack about how the *Post* has "more good writing about nothing than any magazine in the world." I wish that the people who like to toss off these remarks would be so good as to read this book. If they can prove to me that there is a traceable pattern common to all these stories, or any writing for the sole purpose of filling space, I will eat a copy of *Story.*

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Progress in Mental Healing

THE MIND OF MAN: The Story of Man's Conquest of Mental Illness. By Walter Bromberg, M.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. $3.50.

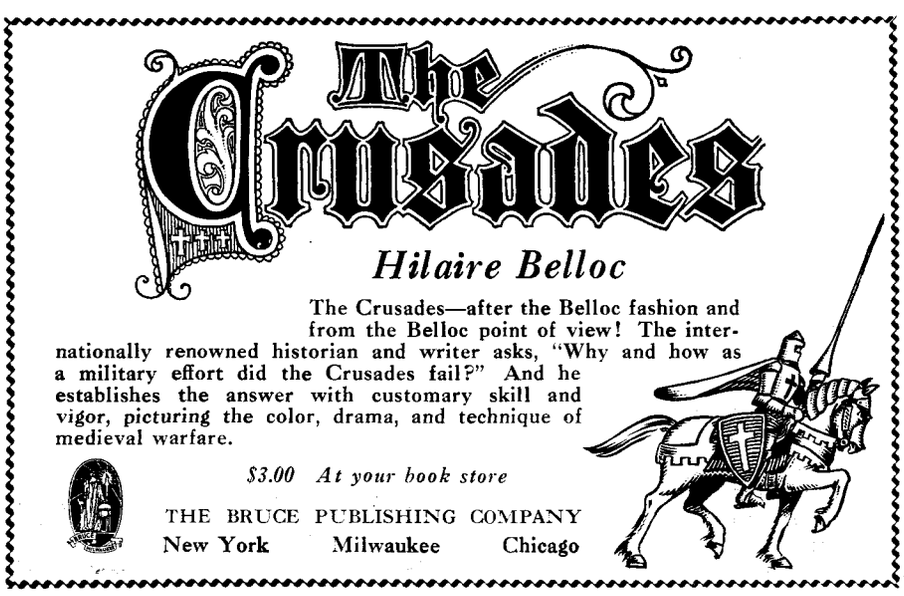
Reviewed by HENRY ALDEN BUNKER, M.D.

DR. BROMBERG has had the happy idea of tracing the evolution—an evolution by far the greater part of which has taken place within the last one hundred years—of one of the major achievements not only of medicine but indeed of the human mind. In this book he has set forth in detail—if not always with complete success—the complex story not only of man's fight against mental disease, and of the development of mental healing and of psychotherapy, but in particular, the history of that long, laborious, and often arrested evolution of thought whereby on the one hand the afflictions which we now term mental were removed from the sphere of the "supernatural," and on the other, were divorced from a purely materialistic medicine and recognized as being *sui generis,* as having an underlying *raison d'être* of their own. The first of these two victories was achieved only in the sixteenth century, notably at the hands of Johann Weyer; the second had to wait till the middle of the nineteenth century and the coming of Bertrand and Braid. It is these two accomplishments which I have ventured to place among the major achievements of the human mind.

Mental healing, psychotherapy, has in reality two meanings. The term may be employed in the sense of the treatment of disease by means of agencies acting through the mind of the patient; in this sense it is beyond question the oldest form of medical treatment employed by man.

Obviously the medical treatment employed by primitive man must have been irrational and unrealistic, and his therapeutic results due to the self-limited nature of many illnesses, and the suggestive influence the rites and rituals employed had upon the mind of the sufferer. When a distinction became apparent between the irrational and "superstitious" use of remedial agencies acting through the mind, and producing their therapeutic results by virtue of "the faith which heals," and knowledge that these remedial practices acted in certain ways and in no other, a psychotherapy developed which was based upon the supposition that certain disorders, certain symptoms, *are of psychogenic causation and have primarily a mental or emotional origin.* This was the conclusion which was arrived at by Braid and his contemporaries, and verified and amplified by Bernheim, Janet, and others in the middle of the nineteenth century. Its truly revolutionary character will be more readily appreciated when one thinks of the resistance with which it meets to this very day, how frequently even at present a physical etiology is the first, and often the only, etiology to be invoked as accounting for symptoms in the mental or emotional sphere, still more for symptoms themselves physical in character. Yet obviously it is upon this conclusion—one of the major achievements of the human mind, I say again—that the whole subsequent structure of psychopathology and psychotherapy has been erected. For psychotherapy, it might here be added, has still a third meaning: it means not only the treatment of disease by mental measures, "through the intermediation of the mind," but the treatment of disorders of the mind in the broadest sense, of disturbances conditioned by mental or emotional factors, of all mental and emotional maladjustments and disharmonies and their resulting alterations of behavior.

These considerations are of course implicit in the author's presentation of his subject—a presentation as detailed as it is for the most part interesting, and having the merit, above all, of assembling much that would otherwise be available only in widely scattered sources. I cannot but feel however, that a fuller emphasis upon certain leading ideas would have given his copious material a greater illumination, informing it with a point of view and a vision of which it now seems to me insufficiently possessed. However, the author is certainly deserving of congratulation on his discussion of psychoanalysis, that subject so notoriously refractory to popular yet authoritative exposition, as also, indeed, on having accomplished, on the whole, a commendable piece of work.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Escape from Privilege

ON JOURNEY. By Vida D. Scudder. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by SARAH N. CLEGHORN

ALREADY while a schoolgirl, Vida Scudder found herself troubled by her "plethora of privilege." Her situation on the soft lap of refinement, delicious though it was to her, seemed unreal, and aroused a kind of homesickness "in that last place of refuge, my own soul." After she had been graduated at Smith, she went to Oxford, and there came under the influence of Ruskin, who more than any of her friends and guides seems ever to have touched her livingly. Ruskin was then under a cloud both in England and America because of his meddling with economics and social conditions. "To Ruskin," Miss Scudder says, "every line of thought was a path to the actual life of men." It was to the actual life of men that she herself wanted all her own thoughts to lead.

Her teaching at Wellesley, soon to begin, and to last for forty years, was certainly a path to the actual life of young women. No one who knew her, ever so briefly, could learn from her academic things alone. Long before she began giving her course on "Social Ideals in English Letters" or asked students to write their own Utopias, she made life and literature coalesce for them.

But where, exactly, could college women, as such, best plant their awakening sense of social living? Vida Scudder was an American pioneer in that same College Settlement movement which was "the first fruits" of Ruskin's own effort. The Association she and her friends formed opened Rivington House in New York actually two weeks before Hull House was opened in Chicago—so simultaneous was the settlement impulse. "But we had no Jane Addams." Nevertheless the Association soon opened houses in Philadelphia and Boston. Vida Scudder couldn't be in residence at Denison House. But she rushed back to it from her Wellesley classes, foregoing other sorts of social life. And now in her vivid seventies she relives her intense, joyous hours like one rereading love letters.

To the reader of these candid, informal, not to say intimate pages, so ardent and sparkling, yet so amusing and questioning, she emerges as a great modern Franciscan of the Third Order. In her day, as with Francis, and Catherine of Siena, whose lives she wrote, the Church has been laggard and blind, yet she, like them, lives her deep, free "near-Communist" life within it.

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A Philosopher on Movie Censorship

ART AND PRUDENCE: A Study in Practical Philosophy. By Mortimer J. Adler. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HOOK

MR. ADLER has written a very large book to establish a very simple point. The problem of practical philosophy with which he concerns himself is whether the motion picture should be let strictly alone, or whether it should be eliminated from modern culture, or whether it should be regulated in some form or fashion. His conclusion is that the motion picture like all other arts should be judiciously regulated by moral and political authorities. Judicious regulation consists in applying the proper moral criteria not at the point where works of art are produced but at the point where they are received. In this way, a compromise is effected between the demands of the artist for complete autonomy and the needs of the moral or prudent man for safety and happiness.

This conclusion is neither startling nor new. Nor does Mr. Adler, as an advocate of *philosophia perennis,* claim it to be. But he does pretend that this position is logically bound up with the metaphysics and rational psychology of Thomism in the sense that only Thomism can offer a coherent theoretical justification for the solution of the practical problem posed. In this Mr. Adler is clearly mistaken. The same solution of the conflict between art and morals will be found, to mention some names which suggest themselves in passing, in the writings of Dewey and Santayana, whose metaphysical views are quite different from those of Thomism.

Obliquely Mr. Adler recognizes this; for the lay reader will discover to his amazement in this book on "the moral, political, and esthetic aspects of the motion picture" large sections devoted to an attempted proof that Thomism is the only true philosophy, and that all other varieties of philosophy which seem to be compatible with the same solution of the practical problem are confused in their fundamental assumptions. Here is not the place to argue the philosophical points involved. Suffice it to say that the whole of Mr. Adler's metaphysical construction rests on the dubious foundation that there are certain self-evident propositions which express immediate truths about *intelligibilia* and *sensibilia.* No illustrations of these propositions are offered and the impressive critique of the notion of self-evident truths by modern logicians is not so much answered as ignored.

The historical section of the book as well as that devoted to the technical aspects of cinematics, although interesting in their own right, have little relation to the declared theme of the analysis. They serve, however, to give Mr. Adler additional opportunity to translate common sense distinctions into the more esoteric language of Aristotle. The evaluation of the findings of scientific research on the effect of movies on adults and children results in the justified conclusion that, as yet, we have not sufficient knowledge about the facts. This conclusion is justified only if Mr. Adler has correctly reported the work of the men he criticizes. His references to some of these men, however, are marked by such contempt, arrogance, and downright discourtesy, that the reader grows suspicious of Mr. Adler's objectivity. This suspicion may be unjust to Mr. Adler but it arises from the fact that he writes with the animus of a man paying off scores rather than with the humility of a philosopher in quest of the truth.

Although some of the argument is closely knit the book as a whole is loose and sprawling. Its real thread of unity is supplied by Mr. Adler's enthusiasm for Aristotle as corrected by Aquinas and the papal encyclicals.

Sidney Hook is professor of philosophy at New York University.

An Indiana Farm Boy in the Civil War

BOY IN BLUE. By Royce Brier. Appleton-Century. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE central theme of this solid novel of the Civil War is provided by the coming of age of an Indiana farm boy, a Private in the Union Army during the Cumberland campaigns of 1863 under Thomas and Rosecrans. In writing of the war at this late date, it is not easy to attain a satisfactory balance between the heroics dear to our fathers and the blood-and-mud school exploited with such perseverance more recently. Mr. Brier wisely avoids definite adherence to either view of the conflict. After presenting Robert Thane and his pious, bigoted, abolitionist background, the author supplies the necessary romantic excuse to thrust the boy into the army, and then proceeds to his main purpose of giving us a simple and realistic worm's-eye view of the vicious fighting around Chickamauga as it might have seemed to a mere Private. Though the other important element in the story, young Thane's growing attachment to a Southern girl of Northern sympathies, is more conventional in its implications, it is discreetly handled and does not disturb the sound design of the book.

There are faults in the novel, but they are not vital ones. Perhaps more space is devoted to the Thane family than is strictly necessary, since they disappear from the action, along with their prolonged dialogues in carefully misspelled dialect, as soon as the author begins to unroll his great battle-piece. While Mr. Brier's writing is scarcely brilliant in quality here or elsewhere, the book affords an admirably unexaggerated fictitional treatment of the war, and one which succeeds in building the principal character into a memorable and typical figure. It may shed no new light on the vast subject of men in war, but it illuminates clearly the individual experience with which it deals. The documentation is well managed, and results in a refreshingly sane piece of work in a field which has often been cultivated with excessive emotionalism.

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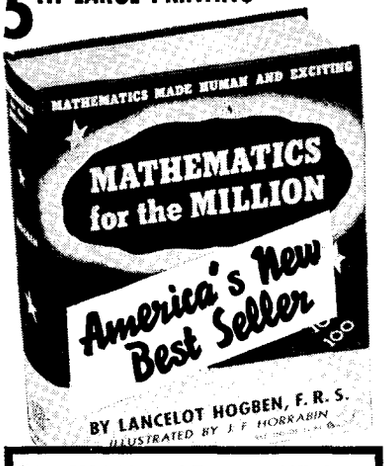
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BOOKSELLERS' BUILDER-UPPER

Ailing mailing lists respond quickly and economically to the tonic effects of Classified Advertising in *The Saturday Review.*

The New Books

Fiction

THE JOPPA DOOR. By Hope Williams Sykes. Putnams. 1937. $2.50.

When you begin to read the story of Katharina Thiel, whose chronicle this is, you find yourself in the attitude of the Recording Angel giving her a reference. "This is to recommend Katharina Thiel," it runs, "who is a willing and capable worker, self-respecting, honest, and of excellent disposition, with a light but firm hand for children and pastry."

You can see her standing before you, modest, quiet, plain, shining with soap and integrity, touchingly eager to please but immovable in her convictions about what is right; and somehow not very interesting.

Yet as the story progresses, told in the first person and the present tense by Katharina herself, in simple and unimaginative phrase and halting English, her character takes on overtones of spiritual strength and sweetness beyond narrow virtue, and something of the healing quality of her religion and the repose of her simplicity and order passes into her narrative.

We see her first as a child in Germany, overburdened with work, then in Palestine, with her family, and next in Utah where she has followed the strange and lovable man she marries to his country and into the Mormon church. Faith and love sustain her through nine childbirths, the strangeness of a harsh land, and dire poverty, until suddenly, at last, the battle is won. Katharina is now sixty, and her life is over; but her children—successful and Americans, every one—will never again know the drudgery and despair against which her own childhood had revolted.

None of the other characters attains the conviction of Katharina—not even her husband, with his curious lore and his healing oils, his gentleness and his fury. "The Joppa Door" is essentially a portrait of the German immigrant, understanding and sympathetic and rarely sentimental. It is a book which any reader will find curiously moving; but so quiet, so understanding is it, that there seems little chance that it will win the attention which its skill and perception deserve.

K. S.

NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE. By Julia Truitt Yenni. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1937. $2.

In a small town in Louisiana, somewhere between Shreveport and New Orleans, this family chronicle is set. The best thing about the book is its presentation of that setting. Below the Mason-Dixon line shabby gentility flourishes in a flavor and color quite specially its own. It is a genial, sentimental, makeshift existence, the most substantial parts of which are unquestioning social and family pride and affection. Casual conceptions fill the wide, paintless "galleries" with agreeable, coöperative children. Casual Negresses wax the middle of floors, sweep dust into the corners, press worn muslin dresses, freeze ice cream, squeeze lemons, and chuckle at the "party" on the sunburnt lawn. What remains of Mamma's wedding china is eked out from Woolworth's, and love and lassitude reign supreme.

Julia Truitt Yenni has performed a nice little literary miracle of authentic recreation. Her approach to the Southern domestic manner has the accuracy of instinctive familiarity. On that score the Dillon family is calculated to set up nostalgia in any Southerner. The story itself, seen through the eyes of Chlo, who is five when we meet her and twelve when we leave, is pretty negligible and commonplace. Older sisters marry, younger sisters grow up, Papa is not such a paragon as he pretends to be, Mamma, like all Southern mammas, is an angel of understanding and unselfishness. Chlo manages to overhear all the right conversations, for purposes of the narrative, and to understand them like a psychiatrist. Such a set of characters can be, and is, moved through small novels a dozen times a year. The Dillons gain distinction only because their creator knows so well the country through which she is moving them.

F. W.

Miscellaneous

LOOK THROUGH THE BARS. Letters From Prison, Poems, and a New Version of "The Swallow Book." By Ernst Toller. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.75.

It is one of the cruel ironies of human injustice that it not only degrades the executioner but induces often in the victim, especially if the injustice is protracted, a strange spiritual bluntness. The repeated stimulus wears itself, as well as the victim, out. Races oppressed throughout long periods of history develop, at the core of even their most pathetic outcries, a sort of fatalism; even so the chronic invalid resists certain ailments that conquer the man who has never been ill.

It appears from the evidence of Dostoievski, and now from the evidence of Ernst Toller, that prison visits a like irony upon the incarcerated. Deprived of the vital contacts of free life, the prisoner—even the intellectual who has been thrust into a cell because of his beliefs or his activities—develops a paradoxical dislike for his fellow prisoners.

Toller, when the war broke out, was nineteen; of a Jewish family, he had been reared as a middle-class German. He was a student at Grenoble University and, in order to serve his native land had escaped from France. Actual war quickly cured him of his romantic military ardor. Together with millions of other youths on both sides of the battle line he discovered that they were dying not for noble ideals but for "power, for gold, for oil, for ore. . . . We vowed over the dead bodies of our brothers from Germany, England, France, America, and Russia, to oppose this and all future wars." The irony of ideology found him, at 24, in the ranks

(*Continued on page* 22)

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE TUDOR WENCH. By Elswyth Thane. *Harcourt, Brace.*

DARLING OF MISFORTUNE. By Richard Lockridge. *Appleton-Century.*

MAN'S ROUGH ROAD. By A. G. Keller. *Stokes.*

Early Louisiana

"Will you kindly send me," writes A. D. G. of Somerset, Mass., *"a list of books, fiction and non-fiction, about Louisiana and the territory along the lower Mississippi during the French rule."*

THE American Historical Society issues a three volume HISTORY OF LOUISIANA, by H. E. Chambers, and there is a source work, published by the Mississippi Department of Archives and History, which is full of first-hand material. This is THE OFFICIAL LETTER BOOKS OF W. C. C. CLAIBORNE, a work in no less than six volumes, covering the years 1801 to 1816. A brief history, which may suffice to meet the needs of A. D. G., is Phelp's LOUISIANA (Houghton Mifflin), and an even shorter one, THE STORY OF LOUISIANA (Bobbs-Merrill), by W. O. Scroggs. G. W. Cable's THE GRANDISSIMES (Scribners) is, of course, the classic in fiction of the period of the Louisiana Purchase; another tale, also well known, PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS (Little, Brown), by Edward Everett Hale, sets its scene at the same time.

Oxford Tales

Several persons have written in to repair the omission of the name of Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street" from the list of novels on Oxford University asked for by *J. D. H. of Gulfport, Miss.* Two other books have also been suggested—J. S. Childer's "Laurel and Straw" and Logan Pearsall Smith's "The Youth of Parnassus and Other Stories."

Wells and Wells Cathedral

D. McC. of Decatur, Ill., *asks for a list of books on related subjects—the history of the town of Wells in Somerset, England; the biography of Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells in the seventeenth century; Wells cathedral, and the Parliamentary Wars in Somerset and Devon and other Western counties.*

There are undoubtedly histories of the city of Wells to be had, but they are probably difficult to secure in this country. Histories of Somerset, however, which contain pages on the cathedral town are easy to get. That indispensable reference work for English places, the ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA, would be a good thing to consult by way of introduction to volumes such as A. C. O. Hann's SOMERSET (Macmillan), Clive Rouse's THE OLD TOWNS OF ENGLAND (Scribners), E. Hutton's HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SOMERSET (Macmillan), and J. A. Robinson's SOMERSET HISTORICAL ESSAYS (Oxford University Press). Nor should D. McC. forget that Baedeker contains valuable historical sketches of cities of any importance and that the information it presents on Wells, if concise and concentrated, is authoritative. As to Wells cathedral Baedeker, of course, is a detailed guide to that. For general narrative accounts there are CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND (Macmillan), by A. H. Thompson, Van Rensselaer's ENGLISH CATHEDRALS (Appleton-Century), and Foord's WELLS, GLASTONBURY, AND CLEEVE (London: Dent).

Bishop Ken, friend of Izaak Walton and author of two of the most widely popular hymns in England, "Awake, my soul" and "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," has a column of notice in the BRITANNICA and an entry, of course, in THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. There is a LIFE OF THOMAS KEN, in two volumes, by Dean Plimptre, out of print it appears. As to the Parliamentary Wars of which Somerset as well as Devon and other Western counties were the scene THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY is an excellent work to turn to for a bird's-eye view. If, however, D. McC. wants to go into the subject more thoroughly there are two famous works she can consult, Gardiner's HISTORY OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR (Longmans, Green) and George Macaulay Trevelyan's ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS (Putnam).

Greek Word Lists

B. D. of New York City, who has several times come to my aid when questions to the Clearing House prove particularly recondite, now proffers a request of his own. He writes:

"In one of my Greek text-books—I recollect it as being a text of some author, furnished with unusually full appendices, but it may have been a grammar—there was a number of word-lists, in which fifty or more related words were grouped under the root, with a few cognates in English and Latin. Under the root ANG, *bend,* for instance, were the Latin *angulus,* a corner, and *ancus,* a servant (one who crouches), the English *ankle,* and *angle,* a fish-hook, and some fifty Greek words, spread out over as wide a territory of ideas as these four, yet all having the idea of a bend or crook. I threw away my text-books like a born fool (and like some one whose teachers, and designers of text-book format, had neither of them done anything to inspire him with affection for them); but now that I feel my Greek beginning to slip, I would give a great deal to have those lists again."

Can any one help B. D. to recover the title of his old text book?

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"Satirical prose that is now biting, now so uproariously funny that it draws laughter from the depths of one's anatomy."—*Waterbury American.*

"This book is lots of fun."—B. B. B. in the *Rocky Mountain News.*

"Pokes fun at science and the scientists in a delightfully droll manner."—*Tampa Morning Tribune.*

". . . to pull their learned legs . . . with Rabelaisian gusto. . . . The ponderous solemnity of the presentation adds to the fun."—J. Dyer in *The Vancouver* (B. C.) *Sun.*

"If you are in need of a good laugh or even a few chuckles, read 'The Autobiography of a Scientist,' preferably aloud."—J. J. Brooks in *Bios.*

"Ten laughingly laudable lectures. . . . Consistently satirical, the 'Autobiography' is, however, never scathing nor bitter. This unknown author sends his shafts swiftly, but always good-naturedly blunts their points."—Carl E. Zimmerer in the South Bend *Tribune.*

"To those who appreciate subtle wit and more or less deadly satire, this book is recommended."—Portland (Me.) *Evening Express.*

"A devastating satire that cannot fail to arouse continuous chuckles in anyone even slightly acquainted with the ponderous solemnity of some modern pronunciamentos in the name of science. Read it and laugh."—*The Hartford Daily Times.*

"A long time in coming but it had to come sooner or later. . . . For one who has wearily read through many pages of scientific twaddle . . . the 'Autobiography of a Scientist' will be like a breath of fresh air."—*San Antonio Express.*

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

She Sells Sea-Shells

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. By Karl Yost. With an essay in appreciation by Harold Lewis Cook. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. $3.50.

MISS MILLAY first escaped into print, in the happy locution of the seventeenth-century errata slip, by way of *St. Nicholas* and the *Megunticook*, her high-school paper in Camden, Maine. Her progress has been a schedule of prize contests. At fourteen she was a gold medalist in the St. Nicholas League, that superb repository of juvenile talent, and at seventeen her contribution was awarded a cash prize, which gave her almost a professional status. In 1912 she contributed "Renascence" to "The Lyric Year"—Mr. Yost displays an unaccountable reticence in withholding the names of the prize winners; they are available in the spring, 1936, issue of the *Colophon*. Then, in 1923, came the Pulitzer prize.

Mr. Yost contributes to the terminology of bibliography one designation that merits official acceptance. Miss Millay has been peculiarly the victim of the limitlessness of limited editions. Her more recent books have been issued in three forms, one regular and two irregular. Of the latter, one is made available in an edition of five hundred or so copies numbered and signed, and the other is made unavailable in an edition of say thirty-six copies on Japan vellum, also numbered and signed. Mr. Yost denominates this last involvement an ultra-limited edition. Happy phrase for an unhappy condition! The best interests of neither book-collecting nor publishing are served by this deliberate exploitation of rarity at the source.

The Yost-Cook bibliography (published, praise heaven, in one format only) is itself a Millay first, thanks to its inclusion of a charming foreword by its subject which it is a pleasure to reproduce here (making this issue of the *S.R.L.*, incidentally, a left-handed Millay item with this first periodical appearance):

> I have been asked to write a foreword to this bibliography, a work whose good fortune I truly desire, but the nature of whose value or interest to anybody I do not understand. As for myself, I am a collector of sea-shells. I live in the strong though ebbing hope of finding some day on a briefly uncovered sand-bar a right-handed Left-Handed Whelk; or even, some day, after propitious foul weather, of digging out of the beach under the jealous eyes of hundreds who dare not quite attack me and wrest it from me, a perfect Junonia. The very thought of the words "*Conus gloria-maris, Hwass*" fills me with an ecstasy of longing and despair. But the sight of the words "matchless copy of Hookes' *Amanda*, with both blank leaves G5 and H" leaves me unaffected. However, as I said, to this bibliography and to its compiler and to its readers, I wish good fortune. As a maniac in one department, I salute the maniacs in another: may sweet Insanity forever charm our days.

Bookseller Turns Critic

THIS BOOK COLLECTING RACKET. By Harry W. Schwartz. With a Foreword by Paul Jordan-Smith. Chicago: Normandie House. 1937. $3.

Mr. Schwartz is a Milwaukee bookseller who has instilled a true enthusiasm for collecting in his clientele. Many a New York dealer must be jealous of his opportunity and his isolation. But Mr. Schwartz did not find the opportunity—he created it and developed it. Booksellers everywhere might take a leaf from his book.

But not from this book. "This Book Collecting Racket" is a one-volume reprint and amplification of brochures that have previously appeared in small pamphlet editions. The contents are an odd compound of reflection, experience, conclusion-jumping, surmise, criticism, assumption, marginalia, and rewrite. Mr. Schwartz's approach may be satisfactorily measured by this extract from his preface:

> After it [the first part of the earlier treatise] was submitted to several magazines I learned that although the editors, as individuals, liked it, the article could not be published. At first I was surprised, but when I discussed it with several editors I learned how naive I had been. (In justice I wish to say that the *New Masses Magazine* had accepted several articles but being pressed for space at the time, the editors returned them.) I was not surprised later to find publishers as hostile to my MS as the magazines had been.

This suggestion of the hush-hush in bibliophily will be startling intelligence to most of its adherents, who would rejoice to see it elevated to such a pitch of importance in the social and cultural scheme that it became news, even if suppressive news.

Most, if not all, of what Mr. Schwartz intends to be damning asseverations have been made before, and some of them are not particularly damning. The title is highly misleading, though certainly not intentionally. The average bookman, be he collector or dealer, will react to it much as if he had picked up a declared copy of "Secrets of the Nunnery" and found within the text of "Little Women."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE THIRD EYE *Ethel Lina White* (Harpers: $2.)	Young English physical-instructress gets goods on conniving house-mistress and narrowly escapes exit from existence.	Hard to excel as study in malevolence, fear, and lurking horror—with sufficient sentiment and sundry flashes of fun.	Fine!
THE ALMOST PERFECT MURDER *Hulbert Footner* (Lippincott: $2.)	Pages from the Case Book of Madame Storey. Junoesque woman detective who has her own tricksy methods of solving crimes.	Bit too much on melodramatic side at times but five long episodes contain much action and some clever deducing.	Capable
FILE ON RUFUS RAY (Crimefile No. 2) *Helen Reilly* (Morrow: $1.95.)	Divorce lawyer with many enemies shot on Third Ave. New York Homicide Squad finds six suspects, one murderer.	Photostats of police reports, facsimiles of evidence provide trimmings for better-than-average story. (P. S.—We guessed it.)	Recommended
ABOUT THE MURDER OF A MAN AFRAID OF WOMEN *Anthony Abbot* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Greenwich Village slaying of misogynist living extra double life presents T. Colt with intricate and baffling problem.	Dope, a lady's nightie, frustrated young love, family skeletons, adept deducing all lead to familiar, but surprising, solution.	Good job
THE UPSIDE DOWN MURDERS *Hugh Austin* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murders in amusement park baffle all solvers until P. D. Quint proceeds crabwise and smashes some cast-iron alibis.	Vivid and convincing picture of "concession" life, extra-well characterized, concluding with some eyebrow-lifting data on fingerprints.	First rate
MURDER IN THE W. P. A. *Alexander Williams* (McBride: $2.)	Arrogant N. Y. head of govt. bureau strangled as sit-downers riot. Lieut. Tonelli and Machiavellian Izzy Jones solve it.	Undercurrents of fascistic terror-organization, continuous excitement, and bunch of hard-fisted, vigorously amusing characters.	Par

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

The A. B. A. Convention

HIGHLIGHTING the A. B. A. Convention last Monday was the news of the first publisher to sign a Fair Trade contract applying to a general list of books. William Morrow & Co. have signed contracts covering 40 of their current titles, including June publications. We understand that agreements on fall books by this house and various others will be made shortly. Six firms have ordered contracts printed, using the form recommended by the N. A. B. P. Committee: these firms are Stokes, Farrar & Rinehart, Dodd Mead, Harcourt Brace, Vanguard, and Knopf. *Trade Winds* will continue to cover the news of signed contracts from week to week.

☞Meanwhile the Convention heard on Monday morning an interesting and scholarly address by Dr. Crichton Clarke, counsel for the A. B. A. Dr. Clarke outlined the history of price-maintenance efforts during the last twenty-five years. He pointed out that price-maintenance itself is not new; the need for it has arisen from the development of "loss leader" merchandising, from 1911 on. He showed that the cost of doing retail business has risen 3½ times during the price-cutting era—indicating that price maintenance on books is in the customer's best interests.

☞This is getting ahead of ourselves. Sunday afternoon about 100 conventioneers rode out to Garden City in two private railroad cars for Doubleday, Doran's garden party, where Nelson Doubleday, Theodore Roosevelt, Malcolm Johnson, Cedric Crowell and other D. D. executives were hosts. In the evening the Derrydale Press entertained in the Salle Moderne of the Hotel Pennsylvania with motion pictures, some in color, of fishing and shooting scenes. (Next door to the Salle Moderne, the Women's Zionist Organization of America — "Hadassah"— was enjoying a lecture on Palestine. We hear that Mr. John Kidd and Mr. Phil Hodge listened to a considerable amount of lecture before they found out they were at the wrong party.) ☞We went to press in the middle of the Convention, in pleasant anticipation of the Tuesday lunch and evening banquet.

☞At the very moment while the Derrydale Press (to celebrate its 10th anniversary) was entertaining the booksellers' convention "with motion pictures of sporting and wild life," assiduous Old Q., out in his cabin (The Fantods) was pensively compiling copy. ☞Wish we had some motion pictures of the wild life of A. B. A. conventions in the wicked old days—for instance at the Silver Slipper Night Club in Atlantic City about 10 years ago— ☞The wildest life around here at this writing is a large convocation of Jack-in-the-pulpits, growing fast and pressing close around Old Q.'s retreat; implying that he needs benefit of clergy?

☞The always lively Hampshire Book Shop, at Northampton, Mass., allowed Old Q. to christen its new station-wagon on a golden sunshiny May Day. Various names were suggested for this attractive vehicle: *Wally Simpson* (because she dragged someone down from his station); *Tomfullery* (because Thos. Fuller, D.D., is one of Miss Dodd's favorite authors) etc., but the actual baptism, done with a bottle of Cutty Sark on the hubs, was appropriate for a college clientèle, viz. *Curriculum* (which actually means "a little wagon"). ☞While feeling classical, what a delight to find in G. A. Baker's latest catalogue (3 West 46) the title-page footline of a famous volume of erotica, the *Nugae Venales sive Thesaurus Ridendi* of 1720. Where one would find, in a reputable book, the publisher's imprint, we read instead *Prostant apud Neminem, sed tamen Ubique* (on sale by nobody, yet available everywhere). ☞What a grand motto that would have been for Prohibition days. ☞If people only knew what a lot of fun can be had by even a superficial smattering of Latin and Mathematics, wouldn't everyone hanker for these two neglected subjects? ☞Miss Dodd was saying that Hogben's *Mathematics for the Million* had actually opened a whole new world of thinking to her.

☞On May 7 the summer season at the Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47, began by the annual Umbrella Raising in the back yard. Miss Steloff served a deliciously fortuitous punch of grape juice and vodka and the second-hand book-boxes in the garden were declared open for business. ☞Congratulation to Harriet Anderson and Carol Fleming, of the well-known Channel Book Shop on Park Avenue, for their lively article (in the Vassar alumnae magazine) on *The Care and Feeding of Bookshops*. Here is one quotation of admirable good sense:—

> It is surprising how quickly one learns that certain books, no matter where they stand on best seller lists, definitely will not sell in one's particular shop. And that is why no ballyhoo advertising, no salesman's high pressure, should ever persuade you that it or they know more about your own clientele than you do.

Miss Anne Moberly, 1846-1937

☞There died in Oxford on May 6, at the age of 90, a remarkable old lady who was co-author of one of the most thought-compelling books of our time. We refer to Miss Anne Moberly, who was for many years Head of one of the women's colleges at Oxford (St. Hugh's). ☞In August 1901 Miss Moberly and her friend Miss Eleanor Jourdain, head-mistress of a girls' school, were on vacation together in Paris; they went out to spend an afternoon at Versailles. Neither of them, up to this time, had been specially interested in Versailles or its history. ☞On their way toward the Petit Trianon they both became aware of a curious oppression of spirits, and of the odd costume and behavior of the people they saw. ☞We will not deprive you of the shock their story has always given its readers, but only say that years of subsequent research seem to have established that by some fantastic shift of time-gears these two ladies actually witnessed some of the events that happened at Versailles on October 5, 1789. ☞Psychical researchers can call this retro-cognition or what they please; Mr. J. W. Dunne, student of the Fourth Dimension, calls it an instance of Serialism; in the case of two such witnesses it is impossible to smile off. The book *An Adventure*, by Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain, first published in 1911, was reissued in 1935 by Coward McCann ($2) with additional matter. We have referred to it before: it remains one of the most startling true ghost stories ever written.

☞Karl Freund's exhibition of The Pig in Art was so warmly welcomed that he has followed it by another animal show, viz., Ducks and Geese, "Symbols of Domestic Felicity." This is open at Mr. Freund's gallery (50 East 57) until May 20. ☞From Mr. Freund we learned that Saint Bridget was the patron saint of geese, and hence of Strasbourg. He has some amusing "suridealist" pictures of Saint Bridget and the Goose Mystical or Supernal, laying the egg which is the world. ☞We were pleased by Peter Tamony's article in the April issue of *American Speech* (a quarterly of linguistic studies, Columbia Univ. Press) tracing the word *phoney* (= *fake*) as far back at 1781. It appears that the original form was *fawney*, which meant a finger-ring, usually of gilded brass, used by con men for fraud. ☞Perhaps it's not urgently timely, but we were interested to read (in Basil Blackwell's spring list) that "all existing biographies of Ambrose Philips, not excluding the D. N. B., are incorrect." ☞Mr. Blackwell is about to issue the first complete edition of Philips which gives his life and parentage correctly for the first time. If you had forgotten who Ambrose Philips was, he is still memorable as having served as a butt for Alexander Pope—than which there is scarcely any more certain or undesirable immortality.

☞The Pulitzer Awards are cash prizes for publishers and booksellers as well as for authors. Here are the publishers' sales on all of the winners for the first day after the Pulitzer Prizes were announced; *A Further Range*, by Robert Frost, 1200; *You Can't Take It with You*, by Kaufman and Hart, 1250; *Hamilton Fish*, by Allan Nevins, 1000 (this was all the stock on hand at the time); *The Flowering of New England*, by Van Wyck Brooks, 1970; and *Gone With the Wind*, by Margaret Mitchell, 14,000.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 163)

S. V. BENÉT—
"PORTRAIT OF A BABY."

Sleep bolted fast the gates of sense—
He lay in naked impotence;
Like a drenched moth that creeps and crawls
Heavily up brown, light-baked walls,
To fall in wreck, her task undone,
Yet somehow striving toward the sun.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 18)

of the Bavarian Free State, with Kurt Eisner at the head as Minister President; Toller rose to be Commander of the Army. The Republic collapsed; Toller was court-martialed and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in a fortress.

This book is a collection of the letters and the poems written during those five years. There were plays, too, of which "Masses and Man" and "The Machine Wreckers" are the best known. More than once there was opportunity for pardon, but Toller refused to be regarded as an exception; all must be released or none. Repeatedly he writes to his friends to make no efforts toward an individual pardon.

If the translation represents the poems fairly, there is more poetry in the letters than in the verse. There is no posturing in them. It is a courageous record that Toller has transcribed, not without its inspiration for all whose prison has no walls—a noble and ennobling document for the library of freedom. Happily Toller survived his black experiences—survived them as man, as idealist, as writer.

I. G.

MEDICAL MORALS AND MANNERS. *By Dr. Hubert Ashley Royster. University of North Carolina Press.* 1937. $2.50.

The title suggests that the reader is to be enlightened on that most elusive of subjects, commonly referred to as "medical ethics." Not so; Dr. Royster has collected a series of non-technical discourses that he has penned for various purposes throughout his forty years as a surgeon, leaving the reader, for the most part, to formulate his own idea of medical morals and manners from what has been implied. The papers included in this book cover a wide and diversified range varying from a discussion on athletics for college students, an oration "on ladies' night," and addresses on appendicitis and surgery.

Much of the material in different chapters overlaps, and the caliber of some parts falls far below the high points in the book. The layman will find sections in which he has little or no interest; the same holds true for the physician. But there are chapters of the book that stand out sufficiently to justify its existence and among these we should include the chapters on the Dignity of Medicine and the biographies of those early obscure "Doctor MacLures" of North Carolina.

B. S. R.—M.D.

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OLD COW RANCH in Sangre de Cristo mts. Horseback trips, fishing. Reasonable. J. B. Quarter-Circle Ranch, La Veta, Colo.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tell. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

ITALY'S ADMIRERS. Express your kindly feelings in the special Italy's issue of "Columbus Magazine," 126 Fifth Avenue.

YOUNG WOMAN with secretarial experience—college and university education—seeks secretaryship to one travelling abroad this summer. Box 985-B.

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LINDEN HALL, a dignified old home, surrounded by salty traditions, holds space in cool and airy rooms with charming serenity, and preserves the amenities of quiet living. Do you like deep-sea fishing? Sailing? Golf? Crackling fires, clusters of candles, and bending board await your coming. Opening June 19. Reservations necessary. Stonington, Connecticut.

HILLSIDE COTTAGE—Ogunquit, Maine. 3 chambers, living-room, fireplace, kitchen, bath, screened porch—Season $250. HUTTON, Box 63, Ogunquit, Maine.

THE MOORS, a Maine Coast Island Inn, Vinal Haven, Maine. All modern conveniences. Rates: $30 weekly; $25 weekly, double room. Special rates in June.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Rooms by the day from $3.00. Furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenette—$6 to $7 a day. Weekly $35. Monthly $125. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. John W. Heath, resident manager, for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

YOUNG LADY wants to be author. Likes music, traveled; now in vicinity of historic Housatonic Valley, desires correspondence. Box 9-C.

EXPERIENCED INSTRUCTOR available now or for next year as counselor or dean of women in public or private school. Box 10-C.

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PERSONALS

ELDERLY LADY wishes to buy second-hand Detroit Electric car. M. C. H., 440 Prospect St., New Haven, Conn.

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SUB-LET, summer, four-room garage apartment, grounds, tennis. Frederick Lehman, Bernardsville, New Jersey.

FOR SALE — Discarded church, hand-hewn timbers. Frances Hancock, East Hardwick, Vermont.

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SERIOUS GIRL with giddy substrata wishes to correspond with man of similar or reverse formation. San Francisco.

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ATTRACTIVE university alumna planning year's British sojourn invites varied correspondence and contacts. Box 21-B.

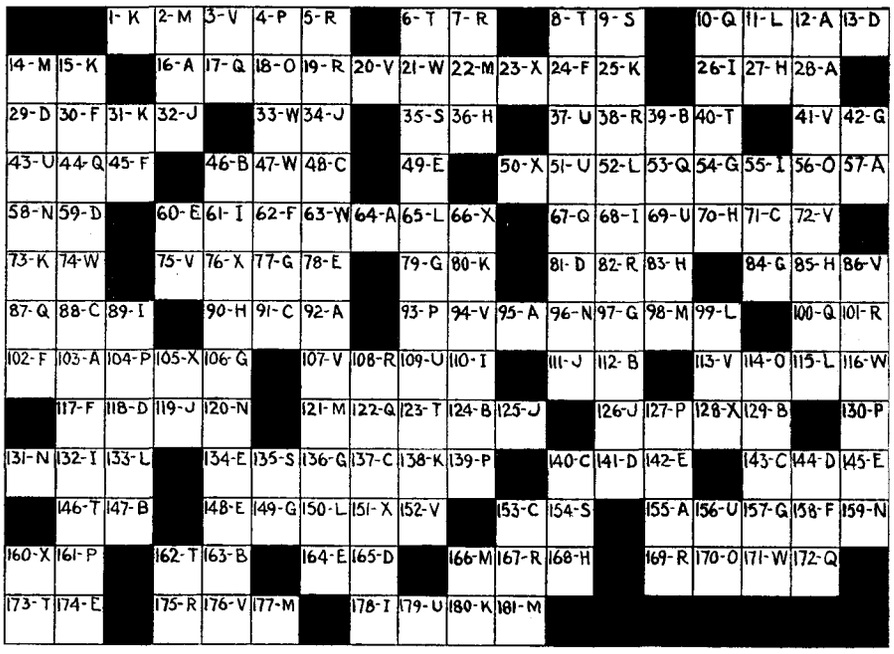
YOUNG MAN, 26, cultured, experienced, desires position this summer as travelling companion. Box 22-B.

SYMPHONIC Arrangement of Mountains for sale; Arcadian Camp Sites; Pierian Springs; Rainbow Trout. Primeval retreat with urban advantages. Water mains, electricity. Clearfield, Pennsylvania. Box 18-B.

MANHATTANITE planning small publication. Interesting, inexpensive hobby. Wanted: partner, collaborator. Box 16-B.

Double-Crostics: No. 164

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

☞ Hint: read an apostrophe between squares 130 and 131 of this week's puzzle.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Inequality.

B. Supplicates.

C. Triviality, futility.

D. The cult of novelty.

E. To confuse.

F. Patron saint of swineherds.

G. Quality of having little breadth.

H. Huntsman changed into a stag by Diana.

I. To sicken at; loathe.

J. English square country-dance for four.

K. Quality of forming a self-existent entity.

L. Burdensome.

M. English novelist and poet (1828-1909).

N. Adolescence.

O. Unctuous, bland.

P. Foamed.

Q. Entrance, outset.

R. The wild pansy.

S. Pertaining to the dawn or the east.

T. A fool.

U. Things visible or tangible; aims.

V. New birth or revival.

W. Scene of British Indian Mutiny (1857).

X. In a descending course.

WORDS

103 57 155 16 12 92 64 95 28

163 46 124 147 129 112 39

140 91 137 143 88 153 48 71

118 165 141 13 81 29 144 59

145 60 164 142 49 78 148 134 174

102 24 158 30 117 62 45

136 157 54 149 77 79 42 97 106 84

70 85 36 27 83 90 168

178 61 132 26 89 55 110 68

111 119 32 125 34 126

1 15 31 138 180 80 73 25

150 65 11 133 115 52 99

166 177 98 181 121 22 14 2

120 131 159 58 96

114 170 56 18

93 4 104 130 139 161 127

53 10 87 122 100 17 44 172 67

101 38 175 82 169 7 167 108 19 5

135 9 35 154

146 123 8 40 173 6 162

179 37 43 51 69 156 109

176 3 152 94 20 75 72 86 113 107 41

171 47 21 63 116 74 33

66 76 105 50 151 23 160 128

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LITERARY GUILD
Selection for June

Now... THE FRANK STORY OF THE KING WHO ABANDONED HIS RULE OVER HALF THE WORLD FOR THE FASCINATION OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN...

DID the British government actually *force* King Edward VIII to abdicate?

Why were so many Americans numbered among his close friends?

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What suddenly turned Edward's usually generous, considerate nature into a selfish, irritable personality?

Is he today the victim of "too much"—or *too little*—discipline?

★ ★ ★ ★

IT IS the 12th of May—the great day a nation has been waiting for. The drums roll. The historic procession creeps forward. The surging waves of onlookers press, strain, crane their necks amid the crush for a glimpse of the new King—while the man who is still King in their hearts sits far away, in lonely "exile"!

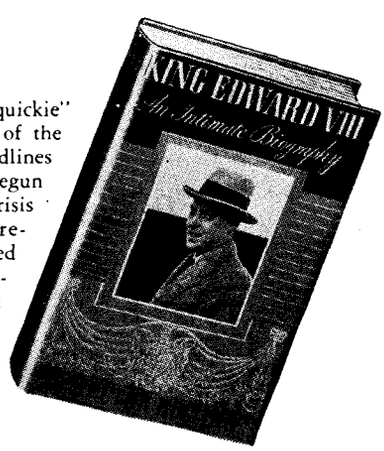
What manner of man *was* this small shy figure who had so endeared himself to his millions of subjects—then suddenly, violently renounced all their affection for him? Was he sincere when he insisted on learning the language, the mannerisms of every nation

he visited so that his speeches there would carry right down to the lowest laborer who heard him? Or was this just his meek submission to the enormous "build-up" that engulfed him from birth—checked his honest impetuosity during the war—forced him, weak and exhausted, to keep circling the globe, endlessly shaking hands, meeting local mayors, performing as Britain's ambassador of good-will?

Now, at long last, the whole truth is revealed—by the brilliant young writer whom many concede to be Britain's foremost biographer—Hector Bolitho. Mr. Bolitho has lived and traveled with Edward. He conceals nothing that might shed light on a true understanding of the most talked-of person of our time.

•

(This book is not a "quickie" written on the spur of the moment while headlines are "hot." It was begun before the present crisis—then rewritten, revised, material added to include the author's own masterful interpretations of the world-shaking events of recent months.)



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